



ST. JOSEPH'S

COLLEGIAN

NOVEMBER 1934

The St. Joseph's Collegian

A LITERARY MAGAZINE

EDITED MONTHLY DURING THE SCHOOL YEAR

BY THE STUDENTS

OF

ST. JOSEPH'S JUNIOR COLLEGE

COLLEGEVILLE, INDIANA

The St. Joseph's Collegian

November, 1934

Volume XXIII

George D. La Noue, Editor

Number Two

Anthony Suelzer, Business Mgr.

Contents

ESSAYS

| | | |
|---------------------|------------------|----|
| Monument and Pledge | Edward McCarthy | 39 |
| Songbirds and Poets | Rudolph Bierberg | 47 |
| Joy-Killing Mondays | Gerard Krapf | 55 |

SHORT STORIES

| | | |
|-----------------|----------------|----|
| Inside a Bottle | George Muresan | 41 |
| Fumble | James Quinn | 50 |

VERSE

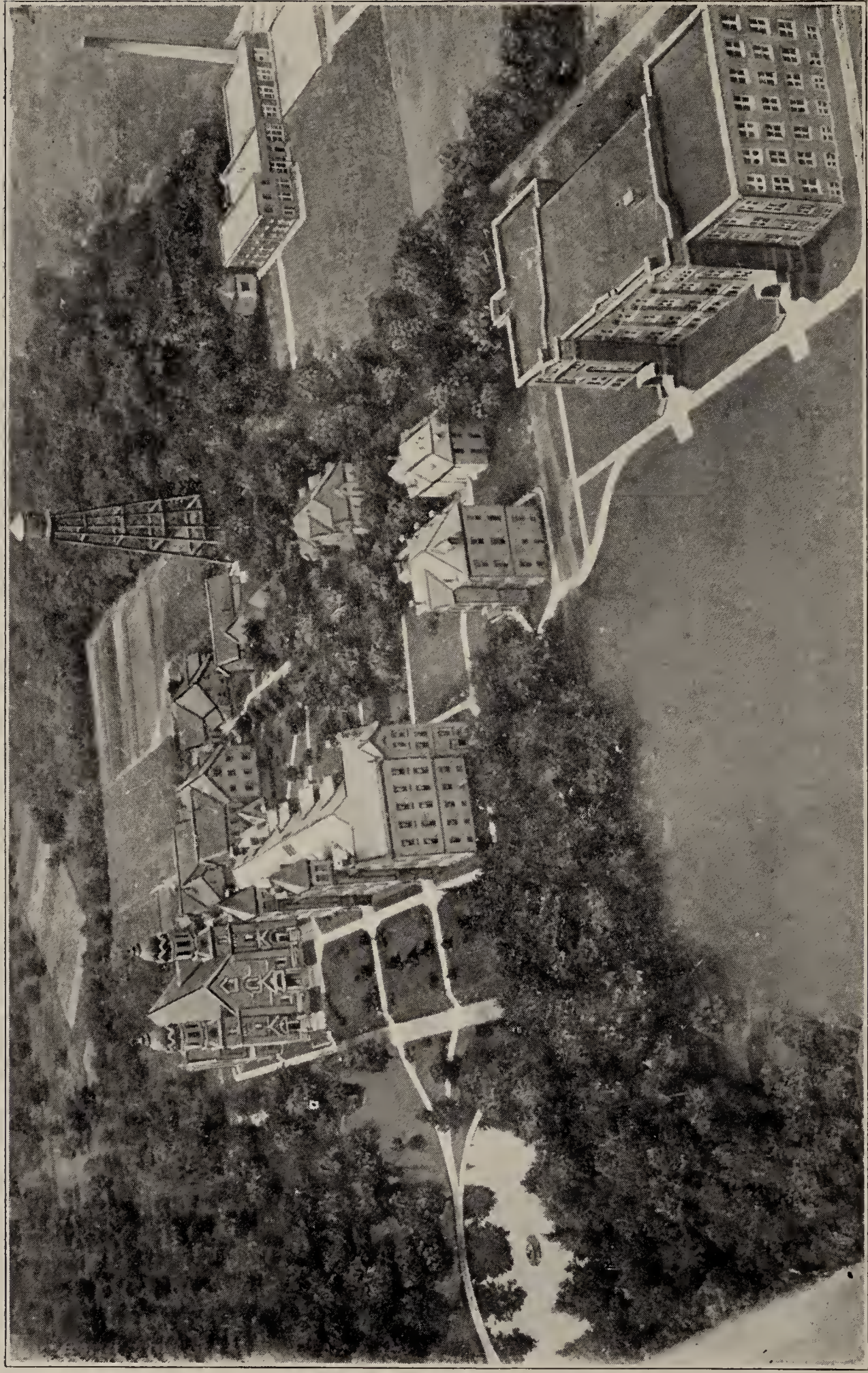
| | | |
|------------------|------------------|----|
| Feelings | Richard Baird | 41 |
| Cervantes | John Samis | 46 |
| Autumn Leaves | Victor Ranly | 49 |
| Have Pity On Me! | Leslie Henrikson | 54 |
| Bereavement | Rudolph Bierberg | 62 |
| Stars | Gerald LaFontain | 67 |
| C.W.A. | George Kelly | 69 |

DEPARTMENTS

| | |
|-----------------------------|----|
| The Editors | 59 |
| Exchanges | 61 |
| Book Shelf | 63 |
| Alumni | 68 |
| In the Shadow of the Towers | 70 |
| Club News Spotlight | 72 |
| Sports | 75 |
| Have You Heard This One? | 80 |

The Collegian is published monthly during the school year by the students of St. Joseph's Junior College. Contributions are solicited from the students. Subscription rates: yearly, one dollar and fifty cents; single copies, twenty cents.

Entered as Second-Class matter, October 20, 1927, at the Post Office of Collegeville, Indiana, under the act of March 3, 1897.



Bird's Eye View of St. Joseph's

MONUMENT AND PLEDGE

● By Edward McCarthy '35

MY mind's eye arrived at Chapleau in an instant; but it saw nothing of the town, although beyond the railway station and the lonely-looking house of the *cure* there was little to be seen. I approached the cemetery with its scattered graves placed apart from the smallness of Chapleau. I entered through a short gap in the tall, irregular hedge which straggles around the graves, and stooping before an unadorned tombstone, a mere bit of monument, I read the inscription:

Ici repose
Louis Hemon
homme de lettres —
1880—1913

With "that inner vision which is the bliss of solitude," I travelled farther into the country of the French Canadian where hardy, simple-hearted men and women live through fierce and long winters, through intense and short summers. There life is a battle that moves slowly. Men struggle with the dark, deep, mighty forests while endeavoring to parry the harsh blows of summer and winter. I found myself in the land of "Maria Chapdelaine," albeit that land was confined within the purlieus of a book. With unconscious movement, I turned to reflect upon the creator of this book. Louis Hemon, "homme de lettres," had fled from France. Ill health served him not as a reason, but as a convenient excuse for flight. In reality, loneliness had rushed into the veins of the sensitive Hemon of simple habits. To salve his loneli-

ness, he fled from France to the rugged, stubborn region of Lake St. John.

The desolateness and grimness of existence in this unpropitious land struck the cords of his individuality. His emotions strained at this astonishing desolateness and grimness. In consequence, Hemon took up the incidents, the scenes, the customs, and the traditions of French Canada, colored them with the pigments of his own life's experiences and wove them into a portrait of the French peasants' heroic endurance. This picture of French Canadian life he called "Maria Chapdelaine."

If there is anything like idealized realism, then the romance, "Maria Chapdelaine," belongs to this class of books. In saying this, I intend no play on words, for it seems to me that this narrative, pensive, yet not dispirited, is a blend of the ideal and the very real, if by reality is to be understood the sense of naturalness. There is nothing ugly or sordid about it. No instances of bad taste or pettiness are put on the canvas of French Canadian life as stroked by Louis Hemon. Yet there is realism in abundance but without the spice of picaresque knavery or the groveling seeking of self-satisfaction. The usual "self" in realism is nowhere in evidence, neither is it necessary to secure accurate portrayal of life in its real significance as this book amply proves. Rather the elevating, the beautiful, and the pathetic genre of incidents belonging to things human may be employed to draw a picture of life that is very realistic and directly effective.

Hemon desired effect; he achieved this intention by a certain method — his eyes saw, his ears heard, his mind grasped but always and only the things that could take on a rosy hue in the mellow glow of sunlight of long ago. That his pen did not always reproduce exactly does not materially mar the picture he drew, for the reader's mind can readily integrate the scenes. It was not Hemon's fault that his pen had not been trained to be exact, and a happy fault perhaps it is, for meticulousness often destroys the force of suggestion. He took impressions as they came to him, and upon them he built his convictions. These in turn he cast into ideals without the aid of much detail. The result is that his ideals are grounded on facts; there is no attempt at decorating them with useless ornament.

The substance of the romance, "Maria Chapdelaine," is not the manner of existence prevalent among the French Canadians, but rather the heroic endurance of these people. Through the medium of French Canada, Hemon has visualized the characteristics of the peasant folk in this, their new home. Their courage in overwhelming difficulties, their calm fearlessness in the face of danger, their devotion to God, to the Church, to duty, and to tradition are all struck forth in a bold, masterful sketch that etches itself on the memory of any one who reads the book. In this way, I believe, he has secured greater power and more intense appeal than he could have gained by a direct study of these people. Thus, if the material of this romance is considered in the light of a medium of expression, it will be found that the personality of the Canadian French farmer is epitomized in the absolute decision of Samuel Chapdelaine,

"I tell you that we are going to make land" — wrest land from this tough, gnarled forest. The stalwart forest was pulled down by the simple faith and contentment of the men and women for whom "this chill and universal white, the humbleness of the wooden church and the wooden houses scattered along the road, the gloomy forest edging so close that it seemed to threaten," these all spoke of a disposition to dare and endure whatever emergency might arise in a new, strange land.

To the people of modern France, this story conveys a definite and direct message — the spirit and soul of France will remain the same in all ages and in all lands. But I perceive a secondary purpose in the loves of Maria; a means to an end. Although the foregoing fictional message is clear, it is not the ultimate message — that the spirit and soul of France is alive in the hearts of the French Canadians not otherwise than in the French people in their original home.

Each time I re-read this book, I discover something new, some new delight. It elevates me, grasps me. Every word is beautiful; every word fits perfectly. No unnecessary words or ideas cloy me. There is nothing softly sentimental. I recognize in its style a man of pure heart, of simple tastes; I recognize an artist. He is direct, straight to the point, never slipping into meaningless, jagged sentences that could make his aim unsteady. He proceeds with dignity and humility. He is brief. The entire work is delicate, sensitive as the author, but also firm as the author.

As mentioned, Hemon describes by implication. When, however, a character requires special emphasis, it is given without stint. An example will illustrate his method: "Short and broad, his eyes were the

brightest blue — a thing rare in Quebec — at once piercing and guileless, set in a visage the color of clay that always showed cruel traces of the razor, topped by hair of nearly the same shade. Clad in shirt and trousers of brownish homespun, wearing huge dusty boots, he was from head to heel of a piece with the soil, nor was there aught in his face to redeem the impression of rustic uncouthness." The picture is rough-hewn as with an ax; softening features are not mentioned; the portrayal is not perfect, but there is a rugged, direct simplicity about it that seizes upon the mind and fixes the image. The illustration as presented fits in with the idea that Hermon created his characters on the basis of

observed facts; attempts at decoration are avoided.

The story, "Maria Chapdelaine," waxes steadily up to a climax, to a pledge. It is a monument and a pledge. A monument to the endurance of the French Canadian; a pledge that this endurance will last: "Nor shall anything change, for we are the pledge of it. Concerning ourselves and our destiny, but one duty have we clearly understood: that we should hold fast — should endure. And we have held fast, so that, it may be, many centuries hence the world will look upon us and say: — These people are a race that knows not how to perish. — We are the testimony."

Feelings

by

R. H. Baird '35

There lie concealed within the human heart,
As seeds thrown wildly near the water's side,
Emotions and the fruit they bear anon
In feelings such as give men joy or pain.
One needs but listen with attentive ear
To hear how noiselessly man's feelings grow,
Then watch them gradually put forth their fruit
In dewy sweetness or in salty tears.

Since feelings share in either sooth or woe,
We shall do well to steer their growth with care;
The ones that sprout from dark and dismal moods
Must be plucked up with root, stem, branch, and all,
While others that were dearly sweet when sown
Must be our care until they are full grown.



INSIDE A BOTTLE

● By George Muresan '36

CAPTAIN John Turner, otherwise known as "The Fool," saluted his superior officer.

"You wish to see me, sir," he inquired casually.

"Yes, I do," answered Colonel Lane frowning. With a vague gesture he motioned "The Fool" to a chair.

Captain Turner seated himself. With his face looking more foolish than ever, and his mind quite puzzled, he wondered what was in store for him. That it was something very important could easily be surmised, for the big "Chief," Colonel Lane, had even forgotten to chew at his eternal cigar. It lay neglected and cold on the edge of the desk; its dead ashes a certain sign of discomfort for anybody who happened to be called on the carpet. Hurriedly Captain Turner recalled the events of the past few days, all the while wondering what he might have done to give the big "Chief" occasion to call him down.

"I suppose you know," Colonel Lane began, "that considerable information concerning our military position is making its

way into the hands of the enemy. Things have come to be so desperate here at Belleau Woods that we cannot send even the smallest relief shift into action without immediately receiving accurately aimed compliments from Fritz in the form of shells and bullets. It seems to me that the enemy yonder knows as much about our movements as we do ourselves, and I wonder how it comes to be so."

Colonel Lane paused for a moment. Evidently, something was puzzling his mind. What he had said, however, gave Captain Turner a little respite from fear. Clearly enough, he, "The Fool," was not to face the music for another of his foolhardy pranks. As his Chief continued speaking, he listened with more ease, and some of the usual foolish look passed from his face.

"The worst part of the situation," Colonel Lane continued, "is that the information appears to be transmitted by some one who handles orders right here in our own quarters. Now, Captain Turner, I want you to undertake a difficult task; it may prove dangerous, but I feel that you are the man to handle it."

"Thank you, sir," Captain Turner replied, "I'll do my best."

"Very well then, here is the idea."

In a clean-cut manner, Colonel Lane proceeded to outline the situation. His suggestions and plans greatly interested Captain Turner. A risk there would be of course, a serious risk, one that might involve life; but the Captain was young, foolhardy, daring; risks of any kind were just to his liking. It was not without good reason that he was known as "The Fool." Plainly, he was to do a piece of spy work; he was to discover how information from local headquarters reached the enemy, but for him spy work was just an interesting trick. Very quickly he hit the trail.

The night on which Captain Turner, now intent on playing the spy, set out was pitch black and rainy. He wanted to be captured, and the darkness did not frustrate his hopes. Several lusty Fritzes soon laid hold on him and hurried him into the dimly-lit office of Eric von Strofheim, Field-Marshal of the German Imperial Army. The Field-Marshal eyed his unexpected visitor keenly for a moment and then growled:

"Eh, American, I see by your uniform. Prowling, were you? To no good purpose, of course, did you venture out."

"Naw, I was just looking around a bit when your ruffians took me in tow," the American answered indifferently.

"By what name shall we know you as our prisoner?" Von Strofheim snapped sharply.

"Call me Joe Davis," the American returned.

"Well, there is no sense in asking you what you planned to do. You wouldn't tell now, but you will tell later, mind you. Soldiers, take Joe Davis to —"

"Just a minute," the American broke in, "you are surely ready to listen to a proposition, and it is something of the kind that I want to make to you right now. You thought I would not tell you why I'm here, but I do mean to tell you and that plainly. I'm here to get even with that brass-hat Lane over yonder. Probably you know something about him. As for myself, I know a lot about him. He court-martialed my buddy who was detected in the game of writing letters to a 'Kraut' sweetie. Now if I can do anything to bring this fellow, Lane, in bad with the G.H.Q. it will be sweet revenge for me. Why, I would not stop at anything short of getting him court-martialed too, get me?"

"Take this man away and lock him up; he's just crazy," said Von Strofheim.

"Listen, man," blurted the American, "can't you get anything straight? I came to you because I mean to get even with that roughneck, Lane. He had my buddy bumped off, and I'm in for giving him a bump in return. Catch on, do you?"

"So you want to be a spy, is that it?" Von Strofheim queried, "I presume you know the penalty of betrayal?"

"You are right; I want to be a spy, and you are right in presuming that I know the penalty of betrayal. Leave it to me; I'm your man in whatever service you want," the American answered.

"Well, fellow, whatever service you want to give is entirely up to you," said Von Strofheim eyeing the American narrowly, "and I want to tell you at once that you have come in good time to see how traitors are rewarded. The hour has come for one of them; come with me."

So saying, Von Strofheim led the way; the American followed. As they came to the rear of a huge breastwork of earth and

timber, they saw a soldier wearing a French uniform being led out before a firing squad. When all was ready, Von Strofheim, the Field-Marshal, gave the signal. Immediately the prisoner fell dead at the crack of gunshot. Then turning to the soldiers who had gathered to witness the scene, Von Strofheim explained:

"Men, we have carried out the orders of court-martial. You may think that the prisoner was an enemy. No, he was one of our men. He was detected in writing letters to a French sweetie. Incidentally these letters contained valuable military secrets. Finding himself discovered, he donned the uniform of a French soldier and hoped to make his escape to the enemy lines. He was caught; he paid the penalty."

Now turning to the American, he remarked:

"You have witnessed the fate of a traitor. Perhaps this certain Lane about whom you grumble for having bumped off your buddy was right in what he did. What do you say now?"

"Lane is a scoundrel," the American retorted, "I'm determined to fix him, and I'll do it."

Upon receiving this answer, Von Strofheim turned to the German soldiers and introduced the American as Joe Davis to them and explained the purpose of his presence in their quarters. Then in company with the American he went back to his private office where he unfolded schemes for espionage to his supposed spy, and in doing so, gave away much valuable information. During that particular night, nothing was to be done, so ran the instructions, the work of spying was to begin on the following day. With a drink of wine from one of the bottles on the Field-Marshal's desk and a toast for mutual good

luck, the two parted for the night.

On the following day, the American kept himself in hiding. He was to do spy work for Colonel Lane and not against him. Scheme upon scheme hurried through his mind as he vainly strove to invent some probable story that would excuse his calling upon Von Strofheim during the coming night. He would begin his real spy work right in that gentleman's office. Nothing in that office was to pass unnoticed, and every word spoken was to be treasured. As evening came on, he had decided to make a fake revelation concerning Colonel Lane's intended movement and to garnish the story with every semblance of truth. Feeling certain that he would be equal to the task, he hurried to Von Strofheim's quarters as soon as it was conveniently dark. There was no trouble in passing the sentries; for them he had a passport, and, besides, they knew of his purpose. At the door of the office he gave the appointed signal, and the Field-Marshal, upon opening the door, at once showed that he was glad to welcome his spy.

Indicating that he had an important revelation to make, the American at once plunged into the matter. Von Strofheim was all attention. Gradually he became delighted with the news and began to offer drink upon drink. This is what the American wanted. He would sample all the bottles of wine on the desk, and to this suggestion Von Strofheim agreed excepting one bottle which, as he said, was intended for a particular person. Here might be a clue, the American guessed. To lay hold of that bottle and examine it was now uppermost in his mind.

To secure a chance to give that bottle a going over, the one thing to be done was to get the Field-Marshal to take enough

wine to put him to sleep. Hence it was that with much hilarity the American proposed toast upon toast for Von Strofheim's health and military success in the war. His plan gradually proved successful. Cheerful talk and good wine combined to bring on sleep of such soundness that the Field-Marshal even snored. Here the American found his chance. Carefully he took the suspected bottle, held it to the light, and to his astonishment saw a cloudy mass floating in the liquid. With the aid of a small corkscrew he quietly withdrew the cork, and the mass being in the shape of a thin cylinder and reaching to the neck of the bottle could easily be extracted. Whatever it might be, it was wrapped tightly in oilskin to prevent moisture from seeping through. To recork the bottle and place it where it belonged and then to slit open the parcel to examine its contents took but a few seconds. The parcel disclosed the tightly wrapped sheets of a lengthy letter very legibly written and addressed to what American soldiers termed a "Kraut" sweetie. That the letter, moreover, had military significance soon became evident. The American was almost overcome by astonishment, for what he at first merely suspected to be a clue proved to be the object of his search. He had what he wanted, together with the name of the culprit. Softly leaving the office of Von Strofheim he hurried out into the darkness.

At dawn on the following day, the American, now again plain Captain "Fool-Face" Turner, managed to reach his own lines. As he faced Colonel Lane, he was greeted with the question:

"Back so soon, any luck?"

"All the luck to be had in the world," answered Captain Turner, "if you find time, read these papers. I discovered them

inside a bottle of wine."

"I shall have time to read them at once," replied Colonel Lane.

As the Colonel read the papers, his eyes began to stare. Presently he exclaimed:

"Ye gods, can it be Lieutenant Valmont! That fellow stands incriminated beyond a doubt. Not only is this a foolish love letter, but it contains information of a kind that amounts to a betrayal of our entire position to the enemy. Von Strofheim, no doubt, lent a willing hand in helping along these traitorous proceedings. The upshot of the whole affair will mean court-martial for Lieutenant Valmont. I pity his youth, but war knows no mercy."

When Lieutenant Valmont paid the penalty for treason, Captain "Fool-Face" Turner stood with head bowed. The foolish look was almost erased from his features by grave and absorbing thoughts. It was not the success of his spy work that engaged his mind, but rather the sad result to which it had led. Presently he turned to Colonel Lane, who stood near him, and said very regretfully:

"Sir, war is a dirty business. Within the last several days, I have seen two young men done to death simply because they answered the call of man's most elemental passion instead of the call of patriotism, hatred, money, and slaughter. I dare say that the major part of all the fighting hosts on these battle fields at present, would be ready to listen to that same call for which a young German and a young American went to destruction if the death penalty did not deter them. Why then must nations and governments distort the happy course of human life by war and discord?"

Colonel Lane made no answer, but stood quietly in thought while tears began to glisten in his eyes.

Cervantes

by

J. Samis '35



With shouts of triumph from Lepanto's waves
Still ringing in his ears
He bent his neck to slavery's yoke
At pirates' hands.
When home fires burned once more for him
He counted money long and wrong
For His Great Majesty of Spain,
Then prison doors shut out his gaze
From the distracting world.
His inward eye, like blind man's orb,
Now re-illumed a scene
Filled with undying mirth,
For here on Rosenante, Don Quixote sat
All armed; and there on Dapple,
Sancho Panza sprawled.
A 'partie quarree' so perfect none was seen
In joust or tournament or on parade
As now rode back and forth before
Cervantes' mental eye.
Then as the prison bolts unlocked,
The open fields displayed to him
One Dulcinea del Toboso, a lady worth
All Don Quixote's vows. In turn came tricks
Of Maritornes; yet to steal the laugh from
All the rest, the Knights of Mirrors rode in view.
But lunacy must have its moon,
This great Cervantes plainly saw,
To bring quixotic gambols to an end.
Straight hove in sight
One clad in lunar garb
As White Moon Knight to whom befell the task
To bring the errant Don Quixote home
That he might die in peace with Squire Sancho
At his side.
If prison walls such happy inspiration give,
Then why seek books or thundering argument?
But what Cervantes found a blessing in disguise
For you and me may hold no worthy prize.

SONGBIRDS AND POETS

● By Rudolph Bierberg '35

ALWAYS attractive, even in moments of utmost depression, delightful songs transfix a sensitive soul with honeyed darts. It must be due to the illusiveness of charm that songs possess which plays upon the emotions of hearers and transports them beyond the claims of the most importuning vexations and troubles. To tell why it is that a tuneful note should exert a mysterious sway over the mind of man is quite as impossible as it would be to tell what elements enter into the makeup of charm itself. Not only does the human voice possess this almost indefinable quality of enchantment, for the wide world of outdoor life also is vocal with melodies that in sweetness of note rival and even outstrip the best which the human voice can deliver in either speech or song. One need but recall the melodious whistle of the cardinal bird or the lively tune of the canary to make oneself feel that song is not the property of man alone.

Little wonder then that poets have found inspiration outside of the warblings of human virtuosos. Birds have captured their attention and have held it as mightily as the best soprano, contralto, or tenor of the human kind. The best among the romantic poets have celebrated the feathered songsters in their odes, but have been noticeably chary in their apostrophies to singers on stage or platform. The delicate sense of Keats and Shelley could not escape being touched by the skylark and the nightingale. For these poets there was

music in the song of birds that aroused their muses to the highest thrill of feeling. Their grandest comparisons; their most ethereal flights of the imagination come into service when addressing these musical cherubs of the open sky. If it were possible for birds to experience the sentiment of pride, then surely the skylark and the nightingale would act in a perfectly overbearing and supercilious manner towards their fellows because of the lavish praise which has been heaped upon them by poets of first-rate standing.

But what measure of exalted feeling would not these birds experience if only they could read a line like the following which comes from the greatest of all romantic poets, Wordsworth:

*"Drunken, youthful lark, thou wouldst be
loath
To be such a traveller as I —."*

If Wordsworth could envy the lark, then surely he could not forbear to envy the nightingale. What these winged minstrels could tell him that might engage the attention of his mighty mind must be gathered from his excellent poems. While always steering a lofty flight in his poetry, yet to a genuine lover of birds it would seem that this, the greatest among romanticists, never wrote in a sprightlier vein or in more tuneful lines than he does when apostrophizing the skylark and the nightingale. In his other poems he usually appears contented with the level of inspira-

tion to which his muse has raised him, but when he chooses to tilt with the skylark, he apparently calls for help. The opening lines of his pretty ode, "To A Sky-lark," indicates as much:

*"Up with me! up with me into the clouds!
For thy song, Lark, is strong."*

With a pleasantry no less fond, he addresses the nightingale. That its song must have pierced his poetic conceit to the quick may be inferred from the words:

*"O Nightingale! thou surely art
A creature of a 'fiery heart' —"*

But it must be admitted that not only the song of the skylark and the nightingale engrossed the fancy of Wordsworth. The sparrow, the linnet, the cuckoo, the red-breast, and all come in for their share of poetic blandishment. The charm which all these minstrels of the feathery clan exerted on his emotions and could possibly exert on the emotions of any lover of nature, has met with ample response on the part of the muse of flattery, and that in a measure superior to the compliments extended to human singers by the same agency. If charm is the source of poetic inspiration, as it surely must have been in the case of the great romantic poets, then it is beyond question that songbirds, by virtue of this illusive quality, have the better end of the deal to their credit when there is talk about greater excellence in vocal music as coming from man or bird.

When speaking of praise as drawn from the pens of poets by the lark and the nightingale, it must be kept in mind that encomiums and compliments derive their worth from the degree of eminence achieved by the one who bestows them.

If the romantic poets achieved excellently, then in comparison with them it must be said that Shakespeare achieved gloriously. To be employed by him in dramatic scenes, and that, too, with a definite hint at the charm exercised upon his mind, is a degree of praise hard to excel. That both nightingale and lark charmed him into giving them flattering attention may be noted in the scene in "Capulet's orchard" in the play, "Romeo and Juliet." More pleasing still is the tribute to the lark in particular as given in "Sonnet XXIX:"

*"Like to the lark at break of day arising
From sullen earth, sings hymns at Heaven's gate:—"*

In view of the great honor which the lark and the nightingale have received in the poetic effusions of past-masters in the art of verse, these birds might well say that they would not change their state with kings if only they could realize the envious reputation that has been given them. The reason for the charm which they exerted on the minds of writers, and particularly on the minds of the greatest writers, must be due to the unselfishness, the generosity, and the sincerity of this quality as manifested by them. With them, charm is suffused by the pure radiance of heaven. There is no malignity or selfishness in it; no attempt at befuddling a victim; no motives beyond a delightful treat. As coming from birds, and certainly from favorites among these, charm is as natural as the perfume of flowers, as the radiance of the sunshine, as the happiness of an innocent heart, and as such it is well nigh the most fascinating, delicious, and powerful influence in the world. How then could poets fail to take notice of it, espe-

cially so, when coming to them altogether unalloyed by knavery or unworthy motives as it does in the song of birds? Richard H. Stoddard very sympathetically gives an illustration of the charm that radiates from songbirds in his lines:

*"Birds are singing round my window,
Tunes the sweetest ever heard, —
So with thoughts my brain is peopled,
And they sing there all day long."*

Autumn Leaves

by

H. J. Ranly '35

The wild wind stirs;
Before its frosty breath
The trees sway in a lullaby
As if to cradle leaves to sleep
Ere these will start their spiral down
To seek their shroud on barren ground.

There gathered in a heap,
As leaf to leaf in huddling warmth
Seems crouching close,
Autumnal brown lays hold on each of them
And courses through their veins
Like an embalming fluid through a corpse
To save that precious form
Which nature wrought in joyous mood.

But cooler nights come round and round
And stand in line to do their chores
Like sextons at a tomb.
With frost for spade they heave the earth
And cleave into her ebon breast
A myriad tiny sepulchers.
In these the leaves find their repose
With last caress in farewell given
By icy breath. Now o'er them chill winds moan
A dismal song until with piteous hand
Dame Nature flings her white robe o'er the earth
As winding sheet
For all the beauty which the South Wind wrought.

FUMBLE

● By James Quinn '35

IN the picturesque surroundings of Fulton University, a motley group of people, students and non-students, might be seen shifting about at any time, but right now there was more than shifting in evidence; there was excitement. A tough football game was scheduled for the afternoon of the day. Pankhurst University would meet Fulton. Everybody anticipated a desperate tussle. In the crowd was one of Fulton's students, Bill Kearns by name, strong and a grid bully himself, but for the present put on the bench because of some injury he received in a previous game. The excitement that seized on others meant little to Bill; he was worried, greatly worried. His fellow student and roommate, Jim Marston, a grid star of the first order, was dejected for some unaccountable reason. This disheartened condition of the best man on the squad might prove fatal for Fulton, so Bill feared. He would do what could be done to dispel Jim's blues.

Drawing several times fiercely at his briar and surrounding himself with the aroma of good old Kentucky, he bethought himself about the course to take with Jim. At length he decided to hunt him up and ferret out the trouble that was annoying him. In their room in the lodging house on the university grounds, he found Jim standing at a window idly gazing at the noisy crowd below. Having dumped the ashes from his pipe into a convenient container, he walked over to Jim, slapped him

on the shoulder and began his line by saying:

"Why, hello, pal, what has sent you into the dumps? Have you been jilted by your girl friend, or is it the game that's getting into your craw? Whatever it is, may it be hanged! Cheer up; you know what's on your hands this afternoon."

"No, Bill," answered Jim, "nothing of the kind is the case. I'm sorry that I cannot say your guess is correct. There's no 'cherchez la femme' about it and no worry about the game either. It's just a plain nuisance that has come my way and that, too, just for this afternoon."

"Well, out with it," Bill insisted, "you've got to pull out of this funk before game time, or the team's chances for clicking are nil. Do you get me?"

"All right, Bill, here's the lowdown," Jim continued. "I received a letter from my mother today telling me that my cousin, Joe Marston, is to visit with me this afternoon. I know nothing about him; I suspect that he is a mere boring hay seed. All my dad's relatives are such. But my mother insists that I should be chummy with him for the purpose of patching up matters. You see, his family and my family came to the parting of ways years ago, and now for the sake of improving relations, I'm to be the goat in the game. If only I had seen him before, all would be well, but I've never seen him, and all that I've heard of him is that he is a blustering nuisance, one who talks a

great deal of nonsense. You know what that will mean for me here at Fulton."

"Yeah, a tough break, pal," Bill grinned impatiently, "but what has that to do with the price of chicken in Klondike?"

"I have an idea, Bill," Jim suggested. "How about your taking my place with this cousin of mine, this afternoon?"

"Masquerade for you? Sounds like a lark. Shoot the works, old boy," Bill urged.

"Well, listen, Bill. You go to the car terminal near the stadium at quarter of two o'clock. Meet this cousin of mine, and tell him that you are Jim Marston. Then for this afternoon, I'll be Bill Kearns. You may have to entertain him for the evening, but what of it?"

Jim's proposition made Bill chuckle with glee. He had never attempted anything of this kind before, but he had confidence in his ability to do a little dramatic work in posing. After taking his dinner, he promptly set out for the car terminal. Hundreds of people were already streaming along the road to the Fulton campus. "What a big game this will be — Fulton versus Pankhurst — well, it signifies nothing less than the classic of the season. Papers have been ballyhooing about it for weeks," Bill mused to himself as he made his way to the terminal. "Now if this cousin of Jim's is really a 'hick' he will likely give me plenty of embarrassment before this large crowd. Probably he will say, 'What's that fellow running with that ball for; it's the only one they got?'" Uncanny reflections of this kind ran through Bill's mind, but he resigned himself to his lot.

Having arrived at the terminal, Bill was literally caught in a maelstrom of humanity. In the jostling and milling crowd, he felt almost as if he were in a grid scrimmage. He was at the point of using rather

sharp language on a fellow who bumped into him, when a dainty little hand pulled at his coatsleeve. Inquiringly a feminine voice came to his notice:

"Pardon me; I see you are a college man. Do you happen to know Jim Marston here at Fulton? He is my cousin. I've come to visit with him."

"May I have your name?" Bill asked rather shyly.

"My name is Josephine Marston, but for short I'm called Joe. Mother has written to my cousin Jim telling him all about my coming."

By this time thoughts ricocheted right and left through Bill's mind. Had his friend, Jim, really double crossed him? No. Jim would not do such a thing. There must simply be a mistake about the name, Joe. Hurriedly crushing his embarrassment, Bill replied:

"Overjoyed to see you, cousin; I'm Jim Marston. Though it is the first time we meet, I want our meeting to be as happy as if it were the hundredth time. How is everybody at home, and how are you? Glad — sincerely glad I am to see you, cousin Josephine!"

"Oh, dear cousin, just call me Joe for short. That's what everybody calls me," the girl insisted.

"Well, call me Jim for short," Bill returned, almost blushing with excitement. "But now let's go to the game; it is high time if we are to witness the kick-off."

Bill felt very uneasy about this stunt of masquerading, but felt that he would have to go through with it. Having secured good seats, he and his supposed cousin continued to watch the game. But Bill could not enjoy the spectacle greatly, as he felt continuously uneasy at the thought of being detected. At every imaginable pretense he

left his seat in order to get a breathing spell and to compose his feelings. It was not the looks of the girl that bothered him, though she was slender and white as a young moon, for Bill, by nature, was something of a misogynist, but it was her tireless questioning and her incessant giggling, together with his torturing fears, that gave him the jitters. That things were going fine for Fulton, he noticed, but he could not join in the cheering; he was too badly flustered.

Once after taking a breathing spell, he came near getting into difficulties. When he had again taken his seat, his supposed cousin began firing several questions concerning her relatives at him of whom he knew nothing. All he could do in his sore predicament was to turn the conversation to the game by asking in quick succession, "Oh, did you see that play? Did you see that tackle? Clever, wasn't it?" But her interest could not be turned to the game. She would merely make some foolish remark and then proceed with her boring questions. Bill fished for answers as best he could, all the while feeling a growing resentment for his friend, Jim Marston, for bringing him into this troublesome quandary.

Finally a good break came his way. The game was growing hot; the score was close; the opposing teams were struggling furiously. In the general excitement, Bill forgot all about his supposed cousin. How could anything else engage his attention but that game when the last quarter was drawing to a finish, and his own "Alma Mater," Fulton, though slightly in the lead, still stood in grave danger of being swamped? He left his seat, rushed out among the Fulton rooters and shouted words of encouragement. When he saw the home-line

hold, and the chances for a Fulton victory still safe, he thought it best to return to his partner, the cousin who had been thrust upon him, and give her company. Inwardly he was blaming himself for being a weakling. Never before had he given into anything feminine excepting his own mother. Now he found his attentions running at crossroads. That girl after all had something charming about her. He flattered himself with the idea that his feelings were only chivalrous; he would not be rude, even if he did find himself in an awkward position. Yet he was edging dangerously close to becoming infatuated with that spurious cousin.

As he walked back to his seat, he saw the girl swaying on tiptoe and cheering with the crowd. Had she momentarily forgotten about her relatives? Did she at length become interested in the game? Thoughts of this kind flashed through Bill's mind as he approached her. It gradually dawned on his mind that she was not the silly, flippant, giggling type of skirt that he had so often encountered to his enduring disgust for anything feminine. She even dropped several intelligent expressions which showed that she knew something about football. As he was at the point of entering upon a discussion about plays with her, the supreme excitement of the game broke loose. The crowd roared in thundering applause as Fulton made a touchdown just before the shot rang out to end the game. Everybody shouted:

"Jim Marston, Jim Marston!" It was Jim Marston, who had made the final score; Fulton had come out of the fray gloriously.

The endless shouting of Jim Marston's name made Bill Kearns feel dizzy. His

throat constricted. He felt that it was time for him to run and hide, or to make a complete confession of his masquerading. He could not help glancing at his supposed cousin in utmost confusion, but she came to the rescue with a smile accompanied by cool level words:

"That cheering is evidently my cue for a showdown, not so? I never saw Jim Marston, my real cousin, until just a while ago when he came before the crowd to be cheered. My family has a photograph of him, and to make sure to recognize him, I looked at that photograph before leaving for this place. The moment you acknowledged yourself to be Jim Marston, I knew something was up. I was stunned at the time and couldn't make out what the big idea of it all was, and I still don't know. But I shall have a chance to find out, not so?"

Bill tried to break into this explanation with apologies, but his supposed cousin shut out his chances. Even after she had ceased speaking and stood with arms akimbo as if to challenge him, words would not come to his mind. At length in a voice husky with confusion he did manage to ask:

"Will you have the story, Miss Marston?"

"Certainly, I will have your story and all of it too, but you and my real cousin, Jim Marston, will be in for a tongue lashing just the same. How could you two —?"

At this juncture the real Jim Marston came on the scene.

"Hello, Bill, how are you?" he questioned jovially, "did you win the game?"

Bill did not answer.

After saluting his cousin, Josephine Marston, in the customary manner and offering a shower of apologies and explanations, Jim turned again to Bill with the question:

"Didn't you win the game, old pal? Cheer up. A lark is what you wanted; you've had your throw."

Before Bill could answer, Miss Josephine Marston broke in:

"As to the lark, Bill wanted to throw, well, he failed; and as to the game, well, he fumbled."

At these words, Bill had to laugh in spite of himself. He was all set to give his pal, Jim Marston, a piece of his mind, but the humor of the situation got the better of him. In a friendly way he turned to Jim and said:

"A keen trick it was that you pulled off on me, but for all that, it was not without its interest. I did think that it was a young man I was to meet, and then this masquerading would have been hard enough, but —"

"Ah, forget about the masquerading, Bill, you're long since detected," Jim interposed. "As for my cousin, Josephine Marston, you need no further introduction to her. What I want is that you continue the game for the evening while I am off to a banquet with the Fulton victors. How about it?"

"I shall be at your service, old boy," Bill replied, "and since the game is to be in the open and on the square, I assure you that there will be no fumbling in the game this time."



Have Pity On Me!

by

L. J. Henrikson '36

Hark, the doleful strains;
Ah, "Miserere Mei!"
They come from fiercer flames
Than poured out by the sun
At noon-day heat.
Within that fire there must be those
Who seek relief at my own hands.
Shall I forbear the deed; refuse the prayer,
That will unlock the gates
And rescue those excoriated by the heat
Which feeds on leas of human fault,
Until a farthing's worth no more remains?

These are the souls not lost for aye,
Yet stained by grime of moral guilt
Much less than vice. But for their venial faults
They must endure those ardors keen
Of Purgatory's cleansing fires
That Heaven's purity they may not mar,
Nor yet impair its spotless lustre.

For them the days of merit are no more,
Whilst I have these at reach of hand;
And, as in a vicarious way,
One may atone another's guilt,
So now this given me by prayers and holy deeds
To bring the claim of torment to an end,
Which rests upon these souls.
To give me courage in this bold attempt,
I hold in mind what first was writ in Maccabees
That giving thought in prayers and deeds
To those who died
Is holy, wholesome charity,
Such as will reach from earth to God's own throne
To make amends for their delinquencies.
This dole of charity I shall extend
Whilst in my ears resounds the cry,
"Miserere Mei!"

JOY-KILLING MONDAYS

● By Gerard Krapf '35

MONDAY morning! Of all mornings in the run of a week, Monday mornings are the most wretched, the most blue, the most disconcerting, the most vile. Then to have a morning like this preceded by a night of dreams which are altogether nerve-harrassing and character-embarrassing is the acme of dumpish despondency. Hardly a week ago, a Monday morning of this kind foisted itself upon me with all its ugly characteristics expressed in bold relief. The night before that morning had been as unfriendly as a police captain giving the third degree to a hardened criminal. Snakes, of course, that night brought in its pack of dreams. It could not bring angels; how could it? It was the night before Monday morning. One particularly slimy reptile, of pythonic size, made its way toward me while I made for a tree. Somehow a dream always supplies a tree when that object is necessary. I desired intensely to climb that tree; but while one of my legs clutched the tree, the other refused to leave the ground. That leg must have been paralyzed. The huge reptile quietly took that unruly leg of mine into its yawning mouth. I followed that leg very unquietly and very slowly all the way down into a world unknown.

Fortunately reptiles are cold-blooded. I am not sure if all of them are, but I am sure that this one was very cold-blooded. I felt as cool in its vast insides as a cucumber in an ice box. A cooling-off always refreshes one's mind, and my mind,

even under the strange circumstances in which I found myself, became so refreshed by the unusual cooling process to which it was being subjected that by its ready help, I began to make plans for my escape. I knew that on a straight road above my head lay my chance for freedom. That is something dreams also do, namely, provide means of escape unless they mean to kill their dupes.

That straight road I meant to follow, and, whether it was due to my energy, or to the serpent's nausea at my presence, I am not certain, but of a sudden I did feel myself propelled forward and that, too, with a good deal of gagging and hissing. On my way to liberty, I feared but one possible mishap; the big snake might use its poisonous fangs on me. But I recalled enough from biology that serpents use their fangs on objects before their mouths and not on things coming from the rear of their gullets. I was joyfully emerging from a set of mighty jaws. In a jiffy I was on my feet as the sight of daylight proclaimed my release from that horrid, cavernous, and disgusting imprisonment. I ran for my life, but my running faded away in the fog of dreams. I awoke, sorely tired, poorly rested, profusely perspiring, and thoroughly disgruntled — I awoke to find the day — Monday morning!

To distract my mind and to squelch the loathsome memories of that revolting dream, as well as to make myself forget the depressing Monday-morning blues, I

picked up the rotogravure section of the preceding Sunday. But I found that the pictures I was looking at must have been made for a Monday and not for a Sunday. Straight from the first page the form of a gigantic reptile with mouth wide open and eyes gleaming shot into my sight. One glance sickened me to the marrow of my bones; that snake with its poisonous tongue, with its gaping maw, with its ugly coils — phooey! made me run for the infirmary and take to bed. But stay in bed, I could not. The bed turned into a veritable zoo for me in five minutes. Every nauseous, slimy thing which desires to show its disrespect for mankind came trooping upon me until I felt like a hog in the mire. Rest was out of the question; improved feeling was beyond the realm of hope. To stir out was my only recourse.

My next refuge for relief was the shower bath. But mentally distracted as I was, I failed to turn levers correctly. With a roar, almost boiling water came to give me a scrubbing. This time neither of my legs was paralyzed, and, fortunately, I did not have to climb a tree to escape torment. On any other day things of this nature would not have happened, but it was Monday morning; enough said. If ever I try a shower bath again, it will be on some other day of the week.

Since I found myself destined for disagreeable experiences and unhappy predicaments such as Monday mornings surely bring, I concluded that I might as well prepare to attend classes, for that is my chief concern as a student at the school where I happen to be matriculated. But it was Monday morning; how could I have my lessons prepared? To make matters extremely bad, the Professor singled me out for a quiz. I stammered and squirmed

in my best style, but it was all to no avail; my grade stood at zero; it always does on Monday mornings. My dreams during the previous night will have it no other way. The class being one in English literature, I hoped to survive the ordeal which it gave me by obtaining a prize in composition work. Oh, disappointment of disappointments! How my hopes were deflated when I saw others in the class receive enviable prizes. Inexpressible grief was mine when I beheld my own composition returned, the last in line, with the notice "Booby Prize" written over the first page in glaring red ink. Really, I should have kicked myself in disgust for presuming to take a prize on a Monday morning.

With rest out of the question and no company for amusement, there was nothing else left for me to do but to try my luck in another class — a Greek class — and that at the last recitation period before noon. Did I appear brilliant? I must have, for the Professor spoke Greek to me. He demanded that I conjugate the word "emeo". I did not know the meaning of that verb until by a hasty glance in my dictionary, I discovered that it means "to vomit". The disgust it produced made me gag a few times and that is as far as I got with its conjugation and meaning. Of all things fantastic, the worst is to deal with a verb of this kind on a blue Monday morning. I experienced its meaning creeping through all my muscles and bones, but its forms would not creep through my mind. As a result I left the class in a badly flustered state; most tragic of all misfortunes, my appetite for dinner was completely lost.

On the afternoon of that fatal Monday I had a "most long and tiresome recess."

JOY-KILLING MONDAYS

Nothing would function smoothly; it never does on Mondays. How could I help but violate several important rules of discipline? The penalty was an hour on the "calf pike." This "pike" is an endless cement slab with never-changing scenery. Even if the scenery had changed, I could not have enjoyed it; on Mondays I can enjoy nothing save the evening of the day. I was glad to see the evening heave into sight. Glorious was its sunset. All the red, the blue, the crimson, and the gold that poets rave about were in that sunset. But what did I care about its beauty? It was a sunset on a Monday evening, and I knew only too well from my study of physics that all its glory was due to mere dirt in the atmosphere — just a dirty ending to a dirty day.

The upshot of my usual Monday tribu-

lations is that I would greatly enjoy seeing this day expunged from the calendar. There is much talk nowadays about revising the old calendar which has given the world this one hateful day of the week. When this revision is undertaken, it is my ardent hope that there will be no more Mondays. Why not have two Sundays every week? This arrangement would end forever blue Mondays with the frightful dreams which precede them and the horrid experiences which accompany them. There are too many work days in the week now, so at least the NRA indicates; then why not put away the one day recognized by everybody as the worst among these? Surely if all Mondays throughout the year would be dropped, all people, and I among them, would live most happily ever afterwards.



The St. Joseph's Collegian

VOLUME XXIII

NOVEMBER, 1934

NUMBER TWO



Charter Member



Staff

GEORGE D. LA NOUE '35, EDITOR

JAMES THORNBURY '35, ASS'T. EDITOR

DONALD FOOHEY '35, ASSOCIATE

JAMES SCOTT '35, ASSOCIATE

JOHN SAMIS '35, ASSOCIATE

CONTRIBUTING EDITORS

VETTER BIVEN '35

GEORGE HEINZEN '35

MICHAEL STOHR '35

EDWARD MAZIARZ '35

ALBERT OTTENWELLER '36

RUDOLPH BIERBERG '35

ALLARD SAFFER '35

DEPARTMENTS

BOOKS

EDWARD MCCARTHY '35

ANTHONY GAMBLE '36

ALUMNI

HENRY MARTIN '35

WILLIAM HARTLAGE '35

EXCHANGES

AMBROSE HEIMAN '35

SPORTS

EDWARD HESSION '35

EDWARD ANDRES '37

ART

GEORGE MURESAN '36 JOSEPH SVITEK '36

LOCALS

JUSTIN F. SEROCINSKI '35

JOHN DOWNEY '35

CLUBS

JAMES E. QUINN '35

NORBERT LOSHE '35

HUMOR

JOHN R. LA BADIE '35

BUSINESS

ANTHONY SUELZER '35

JAMES O'CONNOR '36

FACULTY SUPERVISORS

REV. M. B. KOESTER, C.P.P.S.

REV. S. H. LEY, C.P.P.S.



THE EDITORS



• *The Spirit of Football*

• *Doing or Puttering*

People of normal tastes love contests. The big contest in the realm of sports at this season of the year is football. It is easily the king among games.

The Spirit of Football What young person with live red blood in his veins will not become enthusiastic at the sight of struggling lines of players, begrimed with sweat and dirt, grim of face, chins out, eyes flashing, fighting valiantly that victory may come to their side? It is a season of tense feeling and unbounded jubilation. In the end it makes little difference which of the competing teams wins or loses; the struggle was there to be witnessed by every fan of the campus who enjoyed finding himself thrilled and electrified by the stern and heroic efforts made by the players.

At good old St. Joseph's, we who make up the student personnel have excellent chances to witness a number of exciting football games during the autumn season. It is a sign of healthy student life among us that practically to a man, one and all show up on the campus to watch our team either break the opposing line, or fight with their backs to the wall. No matter which of the two things happens, everybody realizes that the local team is fighting for

good old St. Joseph's, and all are ready to follow the cheer leaders in rooting for the benefit of their grand old school. The spirit of football has seized upon them, and that spirit is as it should be in outdoor life.

When the bark of the gun calls a halt, there has been but a game; yet the spirit that has been aroused remains in every way the same in defeat or in victory. The special good result to be noted, however, is that the games gather, mold, and weld the students of St. Joseph's into a compact body that marches onward, shoulder to shoulder, in that spirit of loyalty and friendship which will never die.

G.D.L.



He is a doer who does; he is a putterer who never does. Doing necessarily implies accomplishing. The absence of an elaborate ritual of preparation, want of uncalled for pondering and hesitating, before actually beginning a task is characteristic of a man who does. Much unnecessary arranging, setting in order, together with endless considering prior to work, is invariably indicative of puttering. The dangerous tendency to postpone tasks always accompanies puttering. He who putters seldom finishes the task which he has reluctantly undertaken.

Thus, the writer who insists on clearing his desk, sharpening pencils, getting a fresh blotter, adjusting his light and chair, usually produces nothing that is worth being called literature. The master at writing needs but the stub of a pencil, the back of an old envelop, a mere street curb for a desk in order to scratch off his masterpiece. The inventors of the steam engine, the automobile, the airplane, did not wait until the large machine factories of today were erected before they started to build machines. That would have been ridiculous. They were doers; they needed no extensive preparations before beginning their work; they began with hammer and chisel. The huge factories of today are the result of their doing.

Turning to the field of sports, one finds that the football, basketball, and baseball player who insists on nothing less than the best uniform and equipment would be more suited for a style show than for a real game. As a player, that man would unmistakably be what today in colloquial language is termed "a wash-out." The genuine player will be able to star regard-

less of whether his suit is torn or is a trifle too large or too small. Again, a player may keep himself out of a game entirely because he is so insistent on details in getting ready that he cannot get out of the dressing room before the game is half over. All this delay is nothing more or less than useless puttering.

On the other hand, the successful man is one who does, that is the reason for his success. The world today is moving too fast to permit dealing with putterers. This day and age are ever demanding men who accomplish things. Today's labor must be in the public eye tomorrow. To achieve this result, one must be up and doing.

Whether a person will be a doer or a putterer depends entirely on himself. He has his choice of becoming either a decisive or a dilatory man. As for students, the use they make of their school days will decide if they are to become practical men or puttering nuisances. For them in particular the slogan should obtain, "Beware of puttering; it leads to failure: it bolts the door when opportunity knocks."

J.G.T.





EXCHANGES



"It's always fair weather when good fellows get together!" So is it also when three such noteworthy college journals as the *Xaverian News*, *The Collegian* (St. Mary's College), and the *St. Vincent's College Journal* meet on our desk.

To the staff of the *Xaverian News* we extend congratulations. They have equalled, if not surpassed, the record set by last year's staff. Their news items, for, as is suggested by its name, the *Xaverian News* is devoted almost entirely to journalistic writings, transcend the common style of ordinary weekly or daily papers. While overflowing with vigor these still maintain a certain lofty literary standard. In a style which anyone would enjoy, "As Thousands Peer" and "The Inside Out" give us in a few words the universal news-highlights of the week. The sports editor of this journal likewise deserves special praise. Every line in his section literally overflows with life and interest. Another very noteworthy section is "Cinema and Drama." In a few paragraphs Mr. Trenn shows us that he is an accomplished critic of cinema productions.

The Collegian also comes in for its share of praise. The editorials of this journal are exceptionally well-chosen and well-written. They are not the topics of some editorials which deal with the character cluded in the first issue, promises great

of some obscure personage of whom few have ever heard; they are topics which will interest every student in college. The news articles too are on a true literary level. "It Looks Like This" and "Political Front" are very scholarly presentations of consolidated universal current news. The staff of *The Collegian* is particularly fortunate in having the world-famous Brother Leo as one of its contributors. His learned discussion in "Outlooks and Insights" cannot be compared with anything in any other college journal. "Catholics and Politics," an essay by Joseph Alioto in the edition of October twelfth, deserves the greatest praise. Mr. Alioto puts forth his ideas in honest, convincing, clear language. His main contention is that Catholics should enter politics if they are so inclined. Although some may be inclined toward the opposite opinion, we feel sure that he who reads "Catholics and Politics" will be converted to Mr. Alioto's point of view.

The other member of this illustrious trio, the *St. Vincent's College Journal*, is suffering a great drawback this year. Since St. Vincent's literary magazine, although modest and unpretentious, was certainly above the ordinary level, we regret to hear of the forced change to the journalistic type of magazine. We are, however, pleased to note that at least some literary articles will appear, for "Rats," a short story in-

success in the literary field. Since St. Vincent's has changed the form of its journal we must wait to see how it will succeed in accomplishing its new end. If the succeeding issues uphold the standards set by the first, the *St. Vincent's College Journal* will succeed as well in the journalistic field as it did in the literary.

We also wish to acknowledge the following exchanges: *The Exponent*, University of Dayton; *The Salesian Magazine*, Salesian College, London; *Il Sangue Prezioso della Nostra Redenzione*, Bolletino dell'Istituto del Prezioso Sangue, Rome.

A.J.H. '35

Bereavement

by

R. P. Bierberg '35

A chill wind swept along my rock-bound shore;
The heaving billows thundered on its crest;
No twinkling star this night the heavens bore —
When lo! from outer darkness onward pressed
A silent, ghastly shape, a phantom sail.
It anchored near, and from my coast its crew
A precious soul purloined. The specter pale
Then sailed away — my friend was lost to view.

O lurid bark that bears my friend away
To bleak, eternal shores, much grief and pain
Will I endure because you came this day!
But all I ask — (I hope 'tis not in vain):
Come back once more and take me to my friend
That he and I may both on God attend.



STAGES ON THE ROAD

By Sigrid Undset

With the firmness of a staunch Catholic and a mentality that expresses itself as keen, penetrating, and logical, Sigrid Undset launches forth into her latest book, *Stages on the Road*, as an apologist. The same vibrant qualities that were enjoyed in her novels are here renewed with intense vigor and power. Rich in wisdom, clear in thought, and penetrating with emotion and common sense, the essays in this book wake the mind to the consciousness of the tremendous power of spiritual thought. One will not long for a fireplace and a cozy armchair; but, sitting on an ordinary, straight-backed chair or reclining against a tree on a windy day, one will be sure to appreciate the vitality that is so much a part of Sigrid Undset.

In this book of essays on religious subjects, which is the result of much painstaking and laborious research, the author meets all the requirements of a good historian and essayist. She has that admirable quality of making sure that she knows the ground she is about to tread upon, and she walks firmly as if led by some invisible hand.

"Ramon Lull of Palma" is the title of the first essay — a short biography written in a controversial and popular style. Before plunging into the many biographical notes and misunderstandings of this

medieval figure, the author gives a rational outlook on that old argument of practicing what one preaches, and an understanding of the thoughts and feelings of the Jews, Moslems, and Christians of the thirteenth century. And then, with more clarity and incisiveness, she depicts our own world of thought today.

Of special interest is the essay, "To Saint James." In a humorous and witty form of satire, the author attacks that scavenger of the eighth commandment, gossip. As a remedy that she presents as efficacious, she suggests a prayer to Saint James; that might in time develop into a society for the prevention of gossip and idle talk.

Sigrid Undset writes in a manner that is compelling by its freshness and vigor. When writing of mere intellectual figures, she does so with clearness and objective power. But when she approaches the idea of a priest, poet, and brave man, martyred for his faith, as was Robert Southwell; or Margaret Clitherow, a real "dux femina facti," who aided in the celebration of holy Mass in secret during the persecution, and suffered imprisonment and martyrdom, the author becomes strongly aroused. Her emotion brings forth thought that is interesting, forceful, and beautiful. This volume is not only enjoyable; it is a part of the art of life. It makes Catholics proud that another voice has joined the ranks

to sing in the harmony of the truce and the truth of God, the Catholic Church.

Edward A. Maziarz '35

THE WOMAN AND THE SEA

By Concha Espina

Concha Espina, modern Spanish novelist, has steadily advanced in the esteem of the people of Spain, of all Europe, and even of North and South America for the last ten years. In her native country she is considered by critics to represent the literature of new Spain; so highly is she appreciated that she has received four distinguished literary awards. Of her four novels translated into English, *The Woman and the Sea*, appearing this year, is the most popular. The true Spanish spirit is typified in this novel which is saved from the stark realism of so many of our moderns by the clever development of the heroine, Regina Alcantara, whose life-story is revealed.

Regina is entirely different from the ordinary female Spaniard. She is devoid of that deep Catholic spirit and sincere fervor so prevalent in the Spanish woman. She is lax in her religious practices. In an unguided way she tries to satisfy her craving for knowledge. This search for knowledge leads her to adopt false philosophies and acquire a wrong view of life. Her desire for learning directs her to any part of the world her fancy suggests. Though her will is strong it is undisciplined; as a result she tries to maintain the freedom of thought which her reading and experiences have suggested, but in doing so is made violently unhappy, self-centered, and proud. Finally, her restlessness takes her back to the small town of her childhood. There the populace is at first fascinated, but gradually, because of Regina's radical

views, the people are repelled from her. Tragedy is inevitable; it strikes when she brings sorrow into two families. Then at last, miserable in body and soul on seeing the devastation of her own making, disillusionment comes: her stubbornness and coldness are broken by the motherhood that is hers.

There is a fine dramatic quality about *The Woman and the Sea*. The author arouses our sympathy for the main character by portraying her bereft of a mother's love and guidance, with only a weak father and sickly brother to follow her faithfully, but who are unable to rescue her from the melee of her own making. Regina is not excused, as though her actions were the result of resistless fate; her struggle is with self, with a haughty spirit that would spell her doom did not the deep spiritual traditions of her race and the fundamental instincts of her own nature come between. These are so adroitly employed that the purpose of the story is suggested without the reader's being aware of how it has been revealed to him. In Concha Espina we have a novelist who proves by doing it that a good story — one that is bristling with interest, has a moderately fast-moving plot, and is developed to a forceful climax — can be written from the standpoint of supernaturalism.

John Kuebler '35

STRONG MAN RULES

By George N. Schuster

In this well-developed book the reader is given an insight into the facts revolving about the Berlin government, the whys and wherefores of Germany as it now exists. It is the author's purpose to acquaint the American public with the true

and authentic affairs which have occurred since the World War and are occurring in the German republic. The realistic, forceful portrayal of "The Return of the Hero," "The New Jerusalem," "The Dirty Jew," and "Propheying a New Social Order" are some of the phases of the German situation with which Mr. Shuster deals. He has written in this enlightening book the most salient points about which the whole German problem centers. The genuineness of his facts is unquestionable; his examples are well-chosen and specific, and, with the exception of the Jewish problem, the treatment is reasonably adequate.

That Germany will emerge victorious, though battle-scarred, from her present unstable condition is indicated by the author. He stresses the tenacious hope of the German people, who see in this overthrow of the old social order the rebirth of a new structure in which liberty and reason will be justly and socially reconciled. Theirs is the kind of hope by which nations learn to live again.

In contrast to the bloodthirsty scoundrel depicted by our American newspapers, der Fuehrer is revealed as a man with a reputation for moderation and kindness. The people feel that these late accidents have not been due to their leader; that he wanted otherwise, but that his subordinates frustrated him.

Perhaps the most startling thought in the entire book is expressed when Mr. Shuster claims that if Hitler had not existed it would have been necessary to create him. Hitler and those in power do not fully understand the German people; the majority of those in control, although Aryan in blood, are foreign-born. How long they will remain in power is a question of Hitler's popularity with the people. Herr Hitler has, how-

ever, aligned himself with the people in the common desire to root out Marxism and to crush the buds of Communism.

Strong Man Rules is developed logically; the chapters are so arranged that each introduces the succeeding one. The author is not slipshod: each argument, each criticism, each thought is painstakingly pursued until its very end. The style is forceful, and while the book has not been written to amuse people, but rather to inform them, it is fascinatingly interesting. Ideas move in rapid progression one from another, and convey the impression that they are submitted by an accurate observer to the careful analysis of the American people.

Mr. Shuster has accomplished his purpose — to inform the outside world of the true status of German affairs. As an historical work on modern conditions in a depressed country it is of considerable value. How long it will remain so, due to the constantly changing conditions, is, in the words of the author, "questionable."

A retrospect of Dr. Shuster's work might be summed up in the words of the Catholic Book of the Month Club critic: "... whether one agrees or disagrees, one has to acknowledge that he has put in cold print things that many observers have suspected from afar and yet would not venture to speak aloud, except on the basis of such an intimate, first-hand investigation as the author has so expertly made."

A.G. '36

THE KING OF THE ARCHERS

By Rene Bazin

The King of the Archers! Does this not suggest armies on the march, bands playing, emperors, kings, queens, dukes, jousts, balls, coronations, intrigue and high ro-

mance? It would seem to do so, but Rene Bazin's novel with this title deals with none of these; it is, on the contrary, a story of simple contemporary French home life told as only a Frenchman could tell it.

It seems to me to be a protest against the universal opinion that the French people are always gay and frivolous. Rene Bazin must have had that old proverb of Ling Po in mind when he visualized this story: "Those who seem happiest conceal the deepest sorrows." In truth, all through the narrative sorrow and remorse predominate.

Rene Bazin is very skilful in character delineation. The manner in which he molds Alfred Demeester and the other characters in the story is really fascinating. Slowly they change as in real life, and they are still changing when the rather delicate plot is brought to a hopeful if not a happy conclusion.

His descriptions of people, events and scenes are beautiful, if I may use the word. The account of the annual procession in honor of the Precious Blood at the city of Bruges in Belgium in itself makes the book worth reading. The hall of two hundred looms and the appearance of Monsieur Joseph Lepers-Hooghe also are interesting.

The plot moves easily without any break in the trend of thought. Alfred Demeester, a veteran weaver of French Flanders, is an adept archer. Twice he has won the title, "King of the Archers." When the story opens he is embittered against his daughter for having deserted her sick husband and young child through the seduction of another man. Although he does not like his daughter's husband personally, he hardens his heart against his own child because of her cowardly act. It is a terrible thing to his devout Catholic mind. Feel-

ing that he has been disgraced, and not wanting to be looked upon with honor, he deliberately loses the title of "King". The loss of the match and the reconciliation with his repentant daughter climax very well a story that in other hands would be dry and stiff.

Vincent Shafer '35

CATHEDRAL STREET

By Ann Michael

"It is der light from mit'in — see, that is beauty, child — the light from mit'in — and so few see it — so few." That bit of philosophy spoken by Hans, Hans once on the threshold of a great musical career, now broken and crippled in body through the adventurous whim of the woman he loved, and dwarfed in mind to a leering hatred of the pity he had received — that bit of philosophy strikes the keynote of the novel under review and is its theme. Because Collette Ballard possessed this light she was able to enkindle it again in the lives of those who loved her — of Hans himself, the Master, and above all, Gale Fiske.

In creating the character of Collette, Ann Michael has portrayed the heart of womanhood itself. True to herself, true to the memory of the mother she had lost too soon, true to everyone good or bad, this heroine proves the correctness of Hans's wisdom: "...when a good voman vakens love in a man's heart after he has given his heart many time to not so good vomen — he is really never happy again with these not so good vomen."

The character is well-drawn; true to life. So are all the characters in the story: from Mandy (whose cooking is an art) and Samuel, the pair who lighten the purple tragedy of the novel at the proper time and

to the proper shade, to Gay Monelle who is responsible for most of the heroine's heartaches, and yet, because she too loves Gale and that so much that she wants him to be happy, is the instrument through whom he comes back to Collette. Almost as much through her as through the heroine are the lessons of faith, devotion to duty, respect for holy things, sacrifice and self-control vividly portrayed.

Cathedral Street can be characterized by one word — excellent. Excellent for the story and for the wholesome idealism with which it is suffused. The story derives its name from the great gothic cathedral in whose very shadow stands the music master's dwelling, secluded and sheltered from the noise and hubbub of a great city's activities, sheltering so much that is more important — human hearts and human aspirations, laughter and tears, and at last

happiness for all. Everything is significant: even the number of the house, 202. "Life had been that way in the house," muses the Master, "beyond the numbers on the door. Good and bad — rich and poor — humble and proud — they had all passed through that doorway, two by two." But above all, the dim red flicker of the sanctuary lamp is symbolic. Miss Michael has made atmosphere and setting of her story blend with wonderful harmony.

This book is written in a modern and refined style. Idiomatic flavor, balance and artistic reserve are qualities that attract attention; contrasts, beautiful descriptions and crystal clarity are no less prominent marks of the story-teller's art. The method is so alive and real that the reader loses himself from his surroundings.

Richard Scharf '36

Stars

by

G. M. LaFontain '35

The sky was clad in cloak of black
Which gleamed with holes;
And light poured through the apertures
That rent its folds.

I thought I'd count the shining spots;
They seemed so few,
But when a thousand I had reached,
They blurred my view.

My mind sank in bewilderment
When all these holes
Turned into forms of merriment —
Though burning coals.

A dolphin here; a lyre there,
And flying swan
That soared above an eagle fierce,
Which chased a fawn.

Then king and queen I saw with bears,
A sportive crew:
A dragon gored a camel great
Which ran askew.

I fain would tell of all the sights
These holes portrayed,
But morning washed them in its dew
And made them fade.

Some say that all these holes are stars
In heaven's dome;
For me they're holes that give a glimpse
Of God's own home.

ALUMNI

From October 17 to 20 we were honored by a visit from the Rev. Benedict Boebner, C.P.P.S., former president of St. Joseph's.

He Never Forgets While president (which position he held from 1899 to 1902) he was at the same time faculty director of *The Collegian* and moderator of the Columbian Literary Society.

What we note especially in Father Benedict is his astonishing enthusiasm — the spirit with which he speaks of the Collegeville of so many years ago. His mind is literally a storehouse of interesting anecdotes which prove that he has the college spirit still.

Father Benedict is now in charge of the Maria-Joseph Home for the Aged at Dayton, Ohio. We were happy to find you enjoying such remarkable health, Father, and we wish you many more active years.

Herbert Kenny, who is in his junior year at Butler University, recently was elected to the presidency of

From Thespis, the college's *Butler University* dramatic society. It will be his duty to supervise the various plays which the society intends to present during the coming months. We wish to congratulate Mr. Kenny on this his latest distinction. We

also admire his fellow Thespians for the wisdom they showed in their choice.

Again St. Joseph's rejoices at the success of one of her former students. Frederick Dober of the

A Climber class of '34 is now holding the position of Assistant Advertising Manager of the Cooke Pump Co., Lawrenceburg, Indiana. Fritz's ability in the classroom and his knack for making friends assure us that he is very capable of carrying on the work required of him. Here's to you, Fritz!

Perhaps the pep of the football game with Elmhurst, October 13, was due to the presence of a former

A Rooter Now star fullback of St. Joseph's. Charles Scheidler of the class of '34 was giving his former team mates all the support possible from the bleachers as they fought the opposing eleven.

On October 16, James Heckman, also of the class of '34, paid us a welcome visit. Jim had to interrupt his studies at St. Meinrad's temporarily because of a chronic infection of his hand. He planned to return to the seminary October 22. We

A L U M N I

sincerely hope that you could do so, Jim.
Good luck!

•
In a recent letter from Joseph Fontana,
The Collegian staff received several ap-
preciated suggestions. Many thanks, Joe.

•
Since the first number of *The Collegian*
appeared in print, we have received in-
formation concerning
Gratefully Yours the whereabouts of
several more graduates
of the class of '34. Aloysius Geimer and
Frank Ward are continuing their studies
at St. Meinrad's; Robert Kelly has a
prominent position in the Miami Hotel,
Dayton, Ohio; Joseph O'Leary, Richard
Hosock and William Conces are now busy-
ing themselves at St. Gregory's; Vernon

Rosenthal is also at St. Gregory's and not
at St. Meinrad's as was incorrectly stated
in the last issue.

•
We are grateful for a bit of news from
Joseph Wittkofski and William Coleman,
Alumni of '32. They
Our Maryknollers are now in their first
year at Maryknoll No-
vitate, Bedford, Mass., where, according
to the sentiments expressed in their recent
letter, they are very happy. A typical col-
lege spirit is noticeable in Joe's reflections
on his Alma Mater. He tells us, too, that
Thomas A. Danehy, of the class of '33,
is also at Maryknoll. In closing, Wittkof-
ski writes: "Bill and I simply cannot be
without *The Collegian*."

Come on, Alumni, let's see some more
of this spirit!

C. M. A.

by

G. Kelly '36

Howdy, neighbor? Sure I'm working,
Working thirty hours a week;
Just a step, but it is headed
Toward the goal that all must seek.

After months of endless loafing,
Labor almost seems sublime;
And I'll tell the world a pay check
Beats a dole check everytime.

Time on time, my pride I've swallowed
That my family might have meat;
Lost my business, home, and savings;
Worked for welfare on the street.

When I think of all I've been through,
From my heart there comes a sob;
Hence I'm thankful that I'm working;
Thankful that I have a job.

That good times of gorgeous plenty
May return to ease my care;
That hard times may soon be ended
Is my oft repeated prayer.



IN THE SHADOW OF THE TOWERS



The October sun shone from heaven with dazzling brilliance, and, in the intervals between the

Ave Maria tinted oaks and young evergreens, danced upon the heads of some three hundred persons along the winding path of the grove to the beautiful grotto of our Blessed Lady, there to pay dutiful tribute to their Virgin Mother. A grateful smile must have played upon Mary's lips at the Aves, lost in the breezes, rose to her throne, and as the sweet notes of the choir echoed among the trees.

It was a solemn and inspiring occasion, the raising of these many hearts in consecration to our heavenly Queen.



More important than the fall of Constantinople, and more broadly heralded than the plans for the
New Leaders elevation of the Monon tracks was the first official meeting of the class of 1935. Its purpose was to elect new class officers. Nominations were made; ballots were cast; the votes counted. When the tabulations were completed the seniors felt proud to boast of Donald Foohey as their new president and John Samis as their secretary.

It would be difficult for one to try to choose men more worthy and capable of

these offices. Congratulations, Don and John! The seniors are with you and place every confidence in your abilities.

At the close of the meeting our esteemed Father Kenkel, who had presided, gave us a few words of thoughtful advice.

The first gathering of the various other classes was also eventful in the choice of new leaders. Roman Anderson will guide the destinies of the college freshmen through '34 and '35, assisted by Edward Bubala as vice president and William Stack and Henry Gzybowski as secretary and treasurer respectively.

As we turn to the high school department we find Norman Fisher in the presiding office for the seniors, capably aided by George Stanchik as vice president, Edward Vorholt as secretary, and Paul Zeller as treasurer. The juniors have seen fit to place their trust in Cornelius Wiemels, who will decide the issues with the help of Robert Grindle in the roll of vice president, and Lawrence Moriarity and Robert Danahy who take over the duties of secretary and treasurer. The sophomores are glad to acknowledge the leadership of Adolph Proppe who has Donald Hardbeck as his running mate. Leonard Matthews is class treasurer. And not to forget our high school freshmen, we have learned that they began their years at St. Joseph's with Harold Weller in the official

IN THE SHADOW OF THE TOWERS

position, Sylvan Merkel as vice president and the Eder twins, Harold and Gerald, taking care of the duties of secretary and treasurer.

The Collegian extends congratulations and wishes for success to the new officers.



With the symphonic strains of Moszkowski's dulcet, "Spanish Dance No. 5" as their offering, the college orchestra appeared before the public for the first time Columbus Day eve. Under the unique directing of Professor Paul Tonner, the violin section, sounding like so many high sopranos, bowed with the precision of a pendulum. The flutes, clarinets, altos, and cornets, responded with no less exactitude to the baton of the director. Later, with all the zest, fire, charm and grace at their command, the orchestra burst into Professor Tonner's new St. Joseph's "Fight Song." Beautiful was the harmony of the male quartet who led in the singing; but, when the entire studentbody joined in the refrain, and the orchestra blazed and trumpeted, spacious Alumni Hall rocked in two-quarter time to a challenging rhythm that showed the true college spirit.



The air was balmy, and redolent with the aroma of autumnal harvests, when some sixty seniors, *Wiener Schnitzel* marching to the rhythm of the St. Joseph's "Fight Song," took occasion to visit the traditional rendezvous, the college gravel pit, there to indulge in the annual senior "wiene" roast. Attired in suede jackets, golf pants, high-top shoes and slouch hats,

this battalion of sixty presented a scene typical of the California gold rush days back in '49.

Contrary to the Californians, however, the seniors immediately upon their arrival organized an extensive rabbit hunt. When no rabbits were caught, perhaps because most of the boys have been flirting with "Lady Nicotine," a milder sort of recreation was sought in the form of roasting wieners and making coffee on a number of inviting bonfires. Not too many of the luscious "hot dogs" were consumed lest appetites be jaded for the delicious Sunday supper at the college. The next step was to take a number of unique pictures of a human "35" on the side of a nearby hill, for which Donald Foohey and Anthony Suelzer acted as quotation marks. After regaining their wind once more, the boys engaged in a number of games that were far removed from either bridge or checkers.

Two distinguished guests of the seniors were the Rev. Francis Uecker and Charles "Rusty" Scheidler, '34. Father Uecker, acting in his usual role of chaperon and prefect, proved to be the life of the party.

Though the fellows were nearly exhausted when they reached the campus they still had enough vigor left to place their '35 flag on the very tip of the flag pole, and defy any other class even to approach their sacred emblem. The flag remained unmolested, thus proving that the power of the seniors is still respected in spite of the congenial manner they display on the campus.

It was the consensus of opinion that the most welcome happening of the day was the ringing of the bell for retiring.

J.F.S. '35 and J.A.D. '35



COLUMBIAN LITERARY SOCIETY

In accordance with a very mossy tradition on the local campus, the C.L.S. on the eve of Columbus Day presented their first public program of the year. After the stirring strains of Moszkowski's "Bolero" had faded away, John O'Brien, genial jester from Lima, proceeded with a few well put remarks to introduce John Downey, president of the organization. The latter, spicing his well balanced inaugural address with just the right flavoring of his own personality, strove to point out the paramount importance of the layman's participation in the Legion of Decency, and succeeded admirably in doing so. Thereupon, the piece de resistance of the evening was served up: Donald Foohey and Edward Hession, the college punsters, taking the roles of Caesar and Brutus respectively, brought some of the atmosphere of old Roman times to St. Joseph's in an original skit entitled, "Brutus Strikes Again." Delightfully nonsensical, they wore their Roman togas with the grace of those accustomed to nightgowns, and spoke their lines so glibly that they succeeded in bringing down the house in gales of laughter. Just for the sake of variety, Edward McCarthy and Edward Maziarz debated the question: "Resolved that the social

economic adjustment of the negro should be directed exclusively by the negro." After well presented and logical arguments by both debaters, the judges, Anthony Suelzer, Gerard Krapf, and Justin Serozinski, awarded the victory to the affirmative, Edward Maziarz.

To round off a very enjoyable evening, a one act play entitled "The Laziest Man in the World" was presented. Laboring under a very mediocre plot, the actors did very commendably. *The Collegian* takes immense pleasure in complimenting John Samis, John LaBadie, August Wolf, and Michael Stohr on their fine work.

Remembering Horace's old aphorism, "What's well begun is half done," the Spotlighter's opinion is considerably strengthened that the C.L.S. is heading for another very successful year.



NEWMAN CLUB

Starting in the literary field with a new moderator, the Reverend Eugene Luckey, is an honor which the present members of the Newman Club alone can claim. With the initiative which was shown at the first meeting, Sunday morning, September 30, the Newmans of this year, despite the relatively small membership in the society,

have all reasons to expect a most successful year, one which will be looked up to by Newmans in future years as a model.

Because they considered the importance of having good officers, the members of the Club picked very worthy men from their midst to conduct their business matters for the first half of the scholastic year. Daniel Raible was elected president; George Stanchik, vice president; James Diedrich, secretary; Robert Gaertner, treasurer; Edward Vorholt, critic; Norman Fischer, William Callahan and Rosario Glorioso, executive committee.

By having such ambitious young men as these at the helm, no obstacle will be insurmountable for these beginners in elocution.



DWENGER MISSION UNIT

All the bulletin boards carried a cartoon which represented crowds going to Alumni Hall on October 13 for the second D.M.U. meeting. In this meeting the newly elected officers made their appearance and each of them tried to make the members more enthusiastic toward helping the Unit.

When the motion for adjournment had carried, a Catholic Action program followed under the able leadership of Edward Hession who introduced to the audience a new member of the faculty, the Reverend Carl F. Longanbach. His topic, "Strut your Stuff," which was one example of what the hierarchy have to meet, was readily listened to by those present. Following this address Henry Martin and his orchestra played several pieces of modern music. Other speeches were then given by members of the organization.



RALEIGH SMOKING CLUB

Because of unforeseen circumstances, the traditional initiation of this organization was somewhat curtailed this year. The current rumor is that the Spirit was slightly incapacitated by an attack of indigestion, and what would a Raleigh Club initiation be without the Spirit. However, the disappointment was somewhat alleviated by a very interesting program presented by the Rookies, Sunday night, October 7.

Blushing in the soft glow of one of the Club's modernesque chandeliers, Joe Weaver, acting as master of ceremonies for the occasion, started the program off with a lot of pep. Dick and Meryl, and Greenwald twins, and Bud Egolf thereupon presented a delightful skit, depicting a skin game used by Kentucky confidence men upon gullible persons. After the applause that followed, Paul Zeller and Dick Trame became the center of attraction. A la Eddie Cantor and Jimmie Wallington, they entertained the assembly with their scintillating wise cracks and gags. Interspersed among these skits were George Muresan and his Probationer Playboys' pieces, played somewhat after the fashion of Guy Lombardo: "For All We Know," "I Never had a Chance," and "Cocktails for Two." Earl Foos, Collegeville's stormy petrel, favored the gathering with a vocal accompaniment to the last mentioned selection. Of course he was encored.

After the program was over, Jerry Krapf, genial president of the Club, declared that with such versatility among the neophytes, this year's programs should not lack the zest and originality that have been synonymous with Raleigh Club programs in the past.

Parting Shot: Pepper Martin and his orchestra are already hard at work pre-

paring for another of those entertaining evenings for which he and his band are noted.



THE MONOGRAM CLUB

The comfortable quarters of the "J" club are fast becoming a popular rendezvous wherein the members of the organization may retreat when the chill blasts of November force them to seek refuge indoors. During leisure hours a casual observer will notice some of the letter men quietly, yes, very quietly, indulging in the pleasure of pinochle or bridge. Others are lolling back in the soft chairs, tranquilly scanning the latest issue of the *Cosmopolitan* or *Colliers*.

Still others find enjoyment listening to the melodies of some of the leading orchestras in the country as transmitted by the petite Atwater-Kent coyly perched on top of the bookshelf in one of the corners of the room.

It is at night when one can really enjoy the club. The soft, refulgent glow of the floor lamps, the exquisite beauty of the tapestries on the walls, the entrancing, soothing strains of one of Wayne King's masterly interpreted waltzes, all add to that homey feeling. Lucky are the men who enjoy such pleasures.

Add Similes: As gracious as the smile of Jim O'Grady when Ruth Etting is interpreting a new song hit.

As innocent looking as George La Noue when he holds a hundred aces at pinochle.

J.E.Q. '35





Rose Poly Edges out Cardinals in Season Opener, 14—7

The screech of a whistle, the impact of a foot upon pigskin, and the first game of the season was on! Rose Poly lined up, zigzagged in a beautiful shift at the scrimmage line, and immediately gave all sign that they meant business. Down the field — two straight first downs — and St. Joe was forced to take time out. Three plays — another first down — simply because a certain Richardson, a big brawny fellow in a red suit numbered "50", refused to be stopped. At this point the dazed look passed off the Cardinal line, and Rose Poly was obliged to punt. Here began quite a kicking duel. Hatton stepped back to boot the ball, but it was blocked and recovered by the opposing team. Three attempts at scrimmage netted six yards, and Richardson sent a beautiful spiral out of bounds on St. Joe's nine yard line. Hatton retaliated with a good kick that put the Cardinals out of immediate danger. Thus see-sawed the first quarter, with Capt. George La Noue doing most of the ground gaining for the Cardinals, and "No. 50" pulling off some long runs for the visitors.

With the ball on St. Joe's ten yard stripe to begin the second quarter, Rose Poly made quick work in putting over the first score. The kick from placement was good, and the Terre Haute boys led, 7—0. No further scoring developed during this quarter, but powerful defense work by

Leuterman, Kosalko, Foos, Glorioso, Ratterman, and some fine running by Scharf and Anderson, as well as blocking by O'Grady, made things interesting and had the visitors puzzled. The most outstanding play of the period took place when Scharf punted to Rose Poly's three yard line, and Gaffney downed the safety man in his tracks.

The third quarter presented a more evenly-matched contest. Back and forth went the pigskin for fifteen exciting minutes. Then early in the fourth quarter, Rose Poly pushed over seven more points, due to some fast stepping by "No. 50", and not until all but three and one half minutes had elapsed in the final period did the Cardinal and Purple produce a touchdown.

It happened like this. A poor punt gave St. Joe the ball in mid-field. Two attempts through tackle failed. Quarter back O'Riley signalled for a pass. Captain George La Noue dropped back and tossed one to O'Grady. Complete! A roar arose. "We want a touchdown!" A line play followed; then La Noue tossed another pass to O'Grady, and it was first down, ten, on Rose Poly's twenty yard marker. Two line plays, and La Noue again shot out a pass, this time into the hands of Welch, on the ten yard line. First and ten — second and eight — third and six — fourth and six;

La Noue once more faded back and shot a bullet pass over the line. A defense man tried to stop it, but the ball bounded off his finger tips and fell toward the ground; but here, Welch, making a lunge for the ball, caught it above the sod, and fell to the ground — a touchdown! A marvelous result of a great passing attack! O'Grady added the extra point from placement. Score: Rose Poly, 14; St. Joe, 7.

Two minutes left to go! Rose Poly was penalized twice for taking too much time in the huddle. The Cardinals held; they threw the visiting team for a five yard loss, and the gun cracked as St. Joe, a much scrappier squad than first took the field, was about to take possession of the ball on Rose Poly's twenty yard line.

We can say that it was a great battle, and it proved that with a bit more of experience the Cards will be able to do greater things in the football world.

Summary

| | | | |
|-------------|----|----------------|--|
| St. Joe (7) | | Rose Poly (14) | |
| Gaffney | LE | Laughlin | |
| Wiemels | LT | Vondersaar | |
| Foos | LG | Eyke | |

| | | |
|-----------|-----|------------|
| Glorioso | C | Tucker |
| Leuterman | RG | Lyon |
| Raterman | RT | Presnell |
| Heckman | RE | Tait |
| Smolar | QB | Hufford |
| La Noue | LHB | Richardson |
| O'Grady | RHB | Campbell |
| Hatton | FB | Fox |

Substitutions: St. Joe — Bierberg; Kosalcko; Scharf; Bonifas; Anderson; Welch; Westhoven; Spegele; O'Riley.

Rose Poly — Garmong; Wodicka.

Score by periods:

| | | | | |
|-----------|---|---|---|--------|
| St. Joe | 0 | 0 | 0 | 7 — 7 |
| Rose Poly | 0 | 7 | 0 | 7 — 14 |

Touchdowns: Welch; Richardson 2.
Point after touchdown: O'Grady; Richardson 2.

Referee — Strole, Butler.
Umpire — McColly, Indiana.
Field Judge — Parker, Wisconsin.
Head Linesman — Kresler, Indianapolis.

Break in First Quarter Gives Elmhurst 8—6 Edge over Cards

When Elmhurst kicked off from the forty yard line, things looked most favorable for the St. Joe eleven. In fact, when Capt. George La Noue slashed off right tackle for ten yards on the first play, and Jim O'Grady made a dash through the left side of the line on the second play for another first down, the local fans never doubted but that the Cards would continue a steady march to victory. The Elmhurst

squad hereupon put up a mighty defense, however, and St. Joe was forced to punt. The ball rested on their own ten yard line, so Elmhurst deemed it best to punt right back. On the second play, a fumble gave the visitors the ball in midfield. Then Niensted, lanky halfback, scoured the right end for seven yards. The next play fared not so well, as the fighting Earl Focs pushed his way through the line and pulled

down the ball carrier for a five yard loss. Repeatedly, after gains which warranted first downs, a Cardinal suit bearing the person of Joe Leuterman, Earl Foos, "Rosie" Glorioso, or "Cy" Gaffney, would break through the line and tackle the back before he could get under way.

After about eight minutes of play, a break in Elmhurst's favor took a bit of the morale out of the Cardinal camp. Hatton was back to kick on the St. Joe goal line, but the punt was blocked, and the ball bounced far back toward the goal posts. When the situation cleared up a bit, Joe Leuterman made a frantic effort to grab the ball and cross his own goal line, but he was tackled a little too soon, and Elmhurst was given a safety. Score: Elmhurst—2, St. Joe—0.

In the second quarter, some nifty ball carrying by Niensted, Diehl, and Lambarth brought the ball within striking distance of the St. Joe goal, where three line plays, and an end sweep with Niensted toting the ball, gave Elmhurst their second score; they led 8—0 at half time. Twice, however, the visitors were held without gain near the goal line and attempted a field goal, but with no success.

The third quarter was more or less of a passing duel. Both teams tossed a number of incomplete passes, and each connected for two. St. Joe's netted thirty yards, while the northern Illinois team's gains were good for only fifteen.

The final period disclosed some of St. Joe's secrets. It showed a great improvement over the first part of the game in so far that the Cards seemed to outplay the Elmhurst squad. In first downs, in total yardage gained, in almost every division of play, the Cardinal and Purple held

the edge. Had it not been for injuries to Capt. La Noue and Roman Anderson during this part of the fray, there would possibly be a different story to tell than one concerning defeat.

St. Joe's touchdown came as a result of a lateral pass from Scharf to Hatton, who sifted his way through the opposition, behind good interference, for fifteen yards and a touchdown.

Summary

| | | |
|-------------|----|-------------------|
| St. Joe (6) | | Elmhurst (8) |
| Gaffney | LE | Vertovec |
| Kosalko | LT | Steve |
| Foos | LG | Banas |
| Glorioso | C | Vanderkiefert (C) |
| Leuterman | RG | Kroll |
| Raterman | RT | Franzen |
| Welch | RE | Taebel |
| Smolar | QB | Baumrucker |
| La Noue (C) | LH | Niensted |
| O'Grady | RH | Diehl |
| Hatton | FB | Lambarth |

Substitutions: St. Joe (line) Heckman, LaFontain, Bierberg; (backs) O'Riley. Scharf, Mores, Anderson.

Elmhurst: (line) Jepson, Allrich, Powers; (backs) Kroelin, Drews.

Score by periods:

| | | | | |
|----------|---|---|---|-------|
| St. Joe | 0 | 0 | 0 | 6 — 6 |
| Elmhurst | 2 | 6 | 0 | 0 — 8 |

Touchdowns: Niensted, Hatton.
Safety: (Elmhurst).

Referee — Strole, Butler.
Umpire — McColly, Indiana.
Field Judge — Parker, Wisconsin.
Head Linesman — Kresler, Indianapolis.

St. Joe Smothers Valpo Reserves, 25—6

Revenge is sweet! The St. Joe Cardinals, following their scrappy captain, George La Noue, set out to avenge the defeat of last year, and did the task so well that every one connected with the College is more than satisfied. A slippery field faced both teams as they lined up October 20, but the Cards overlooked all obstructing difficulties, and saw nothing ahead but victory. Late in the first quarter, when long gains were plentiful, George La Noue began things by ripping off tackle for twenty yards. O'Grady and Hatton followed with another first down. Then La Noue exercised his legs with a run of twenty-three yards. When the gun cracked for quarter, the Cardinals refused to be halted. Right away in the second period they began a steady march, and never thought of stopping until Hatton had crossed the goal line with the ball tucked under his arm. The pass for extra point failed, and the Cards led, 6—0.

Here the upstaters took the trump from out their sleeve, much to the embarrassment of the St. Joe warriors. Johnson grabbed the ball on the kick-off, and followed a beautiful wedge straight down the field, and not until he had advanced fifty-five yards to the St. Joe twenty-five yard line, was anyone able to stop him. But that wasn't all; Valpo was still holding an ace back. After two plays, Rathburn, a veering halfback, circled the left end and kept going until he was over for the Valpo lone touchdown. The kick for extra point was wide, and the score stood: St. Joe—6; Valpo "B"—6.

Valpo kicked off and Anderson returned the ball thirty yards before he was downed. The Cards added another first down, but

were then held and were compelled to punt. As the Valpo fullback attempted to kick back, Welch darted in, blocked the punt, and Kosalko recovered for St. Joe. After the usual march down the field, Scharf rifled a pass from the twenty yard mark into the hands of Gaffney, who was open for the second score. St. Joe—12; Valpo—6.

The intermission at half time did nothing more than put greater vigor into the Cardinal play. La Noue, O'Grady, Anderson and Scharf pierced the line for consistent gains, while Foos, Raterman and Glorioso, that 140 pounds of T.N.T., were through to drop the visitors for losses at every turn. La Noue scored the third touchdown on an end sweep, and tossed a pass to Gaffney for the extra point. St. Joe—19; Valpo—6.

When St. Joe kicked off, a freak play gave the ball right back to the Cardinal and Purple: the ball came like a bullet from Anderson's foot, knocked a front-line man to the ground, and bounced back into Anderson's hands. O'Grady immediately tore off eleven yards on the next play, but that's as far as the Cards could get. Anderson punted, but St. Joe reclaimed the ball as Raterman intercepted a pass on the first play. Again the purple jerseys advanced toward the touchdown mark. The fourth score came when, late in the final period, LaFontain broke through to block the kick behind the goal line, and Heckman pounced on it for a touchdown. Score: 25—6.

We would like to give credit where credit is due, but to pick out the outstanding performer would be a difficult task, and these pages could not contain the gallant

S P O R T S

deeds of that squad of players on such a glorious event. One of the most spectacular plays took place in the fourth quarter when Jim O'Grady galloped around the left end for twenty yards, as "Buck" O'Riley swept four men, one after the other, out of the play, until O'Grady was pounced on from the rear. It was a fine piece of blocking, and O'Riley deserves a big hand. His generalship in pinches likewise proved a great boon in the Cardinal lineup.

St. Joe made 17 first downs while Valpo garnered only three; St. Joe's yardage from scrimmage was 316, against 79 for the visitors. Valparaiso surpassed the De Cook men only in the art of punting, averaging over 45 yards.

The visitors seemed to owe their success to Johnson and Rathburn, backs, and Evans, center.

Summary

| | | |
|--------------|----|---------------|
| St. Joe (25) | | Valpo "B" (6) |
| Gaffney | LE | Miller |
| Kosalko | LT | Nearing |

| | | |
|-------------|----|-----------|
| Foos | LG | Peetz |
| Glorioso | C | Evans (C) |
| Leuterman | RG | Sherr |
| Raterman | RT | Stady |
| Welch | RE | Kiessling |
| Smolar | QB | Andres |
| Mores | LH | Rathburn |
| La Noue (C) | RH | Koss |
| Hatton | FB | Johnson |

Substitutions: St. Joe — O'Riley, O'Grady, Kostka, Scharf, Anderson, (backs); Heckman, LaFontain, Bonifas, Spegele, Bierberg, Westhoven, (line).

Valparaiso: — Bronner, Severs, (backs).

Score by periods:

| | | | | |
|-----------|---|----|---|---------|
| St. Joe | 0 | 12 | 0 | 13 — 25 |
| Valpo "B" | 0 | 6 | 0 | 0 — 6 |

Touchdowns: Hatton, Rathburn, Gaffney, La Noue, Heckman.

Point after touchdown: Gaffney (pass).

Officials: (Same as other games).

Senior League Football

The Sixths went on a rampage in the opening game to whip the fighting Thirds, 25—6. Samis, Roth, Heinzen and Suelzer gave the punch for the seniors, while Schwieterman and Moriarity kept the underclassmen in the race.

A hard fought battle presented itself as the powerful Fifth Year men won a decision from the Fourth, 14—13. Bruskotter, Zimmerman, and Stack stood out

for the college freshmen; Andres, Kelly and Finan were the mainstays in the high-school senior attack.

The Fifths again came out victorious, this time at the expense of the Thirds — to a tune of 31—6. It was 0—0 at the half. Froelich, McCarthy, and Muresan held up the Fifth Year standard, but Hanpeter, Grindle and Judy did their best to hold their superiors in check.

E.I.H. '35



HAVE YOU HEARD THIS ONE?



A little girl was looking at a picture of the early Christians attacked by lions in the arena. Her mother saw that she was crying and was pleased with the little girl's sympathy.

"It is sad, isn't it?" she said.

"Yes," sobbed the child, "look at this poor little lion that hasn't any Christian."

Kaple: "That chicken we had for dinner was an incubator chicken."

Trame: "How do you know?"

Kaple: "Any chicken that had a mother couldn't be that tough."

In a certain town were two parrots, one male and the other female. The male, owned by a woman, was an inveterate user of foul language. The female, owned by the minister, spent her time in prayer. The woman suggested that if the two were placed in the same cage, her parrot might be cured of his profanity. The minister agreed.

Placed in the other's cage, the male looked over at his companion, winked, and said: "How about a little kiss?"

The female closed her eyes, sighed, and answered: "What do you think I've been praying for all these years."

Hatton: "What did you mean by telling Weaver that I was deaf and dumb?"

Greenwell: "He's a liar! I didn't say deaf!"

When Burrell was in grade school, the teacher sent him home one day with the following note:

Dear Mrs. Burrell:

Please give your Eddie a bath. He smells something awful.

Teacher.

Here is the reply:

Dear Teacher:

My Eddie isn't a rose. Don't smell him. Teach him.

Friend: "Is your son still pursuing his studies at college?"

Mr. Thornbury: "Yes, but he doesn't seem to be able to catch up with them."

A Russian was being led to execution one rainy morning by a squad of Red soldiers.

"What brutes you are," burst out the condemned one, "to march me through a rain like this."

"How about us," retorted one of the squad. "We have to march back."

Professor: "What do you consider the greatest achievement of the Romans?"

O'Grady: "Speaking Latin."

Prefect: "Yes, I know that they torture the Rookies' souls at the club initiation."

Manterbach: "Yeah? I just came from there, and believe me, it wasn't my soul that was hurt."

When you buy
it at Penney's
It's right —

In Price
In Quality
In Style

Shop at Penney's

Goodman Coal Company

Telephone Harrison 0250

310 S Michigan Ave.

Chicago, Illinois

PRODUCERS OF PREMIUM INDIANA COALS

DIXIE BEE — Seifert, Indiana, C. & E. I. Ry.

BLANK KING — Somerville, Indiana, BIG-4 Ry.

PALACE THEATRE

SUNDAY, MONDAY, TUESDAY, NOVEMBER 18, 19, 20
Maurice Chevalier and Jeanette MacDonald in
"THE MERRY WIDOW"

WEDNESDAY, THURSDAY, NOVEMBER 21, 22
Virginia Bruce and Conrad Nagel in
"DANGEROUS CORNER"

SUNDAY, MONDAY, TUESDAY, NOVEMBER 25, 26, 27
Myrna Loy and William Powell in
"EVELYN PRENTICE"

WEDNESDAY, THURSDAY, NOVEMBER 28, 29
Eddie Quillan and Betty Furness in
"GRIDIRON FLASH"

SUNDAY, MONDAY, TUESDAY, DECEMBER 2, 3, 4
Myrna Loy and Warner Baxter in
"BROADWAY BILL"

WEDNESDAY, THURSDAY, DECEMBER 5, 6
Charles Bickford in
"WICKED WOMAN"

SUNDAY, MONDAY, TUESDAY, DECEMBER 9, 10, 11
Ginger Rogers and Fred Astaire in
"THE GAY DIVORCEE"

WEDNESDAY, THURSDAY, DECEMBER 12, 13
Karen Morley and Edward Arnold in
"WEDNESDAY'S CHILD"

ST. JOE
STUDENTS

PLAY BALL

WITH
THE ADVERTISERS

Patronize Them

Dr. A. G. Catt

EYESIGHT SPECIALIST

Eyes examined, glasses fitted, repair department

Phone 232

Located over Long's Drug Store

Charles Halleck
Abraham Halleck
ATTORNEYS and COUNSELLORS
AT LAW
Phone 56
Rensselaer, Indiana

Compliments
of
RALEIGH CLUB

Are you particular
about your hair-cuts?
try

WARREN'S BARBER SHOP

There was an old fisher named Fischer
Who fished from the edge of a fissure
Till a fish, with a grin,
Pulled the fisherman in,
Now they're fishing the fissure for Fischer.

Compliments
of

Rensselaer Candy Company

Wholesale Candies

Phone 625 White

Rensselaer, Indiana

Phone E 1044

207 E. Wayne St.

LOOS INSURANCE AGENCY

INSURORS

FORT WAYNE, IND.

We Satisfy

Even the Most Particular

COLLEGE PRESSING SHOP

Gerald LaFontain, Prop.

OPEN HOUSE

F
O
O
D

at

Worden and Keller
RESTAURANT

B
E
E
R

WHEN ?

ANY TIME

Patient: "Do you remember when you
cured me of rheumatism two years ago,
and told me to avoid dampness?"

Doctor: "Yes, that's right."

Patient: "Well I've come back to ask
you if I can take a bath."

Complete Line
of
GREETING CARDS
For
ALL OCCASIONS
COLLEGE BOOK STORE

HARDESTY'S
Recreation
Good Beer
Western Cartridges

Customer: "Have you the book 'Who's Who and What's What' by Jerome Kern?"
Clerk Abie Cohen: "No, Ma'am, but I've got 'Who's He and Vat's He Got' by Dun and Bradstreet."

SOFT DRINKS

CANDY

ICE CREAM

GOOD EATS

SMOKES

CHEERFUL SERVICE

ST. JOE BOYS ARE ALWAYS WELCOME

WRIGHT'S RESTAURANT

EASTMAN KODAKS

—

SPALDING SPORTING GOODS

Forty-Five Years as

HEADQUARTERS FOR SCHOOL SUPPLIES

We Know The Wants of Teacher and Pupil

Fendig's Rexall Drug Store

Phone 67

SUPPLY YOUR NEEDS

AT

Murray's Department Store

Furnishings

Toilet Goods

Eats

Patient: "Is the doctor in?"
Welch: "No, he went out to lunch."
Patient: "Will he be in after lunch?"
Welch: "No, that's what he went out after."

CLARKE
THE JEWELER

Where quality and service count
Watch Repairing a Specialty

SHERMAN
 BLEND
& exquisite
COFFEE



FRESH ROASTED DAILY AT
 CHICAGO AND BROOKLYN
JOHN **SEXTON** & CO.
 Coffee Merchants for Over 50 Years

Mack & Company

BOTTLERS

OF

COCA COLA AND FINE SODA WATERS

EVERY BOTTLE STERILIZED

Manufacturers of

PURE ICE CREAM AND ICES

It's A Food

MONON, INDIANA

Judge: "You are called as a witness of the quarrel between your friend and his wife. Were you present at the beginning of the trouble?"

Witness: "Yes, sir, I was the best man at their wedding."

POPULAR BRANDS

6% BEER — Delivered Promptly

I. H. RILEY

Phone 60

Callahan & Kanne

The Place To Buy Your

COAL

Phone 273

Compliments

of

The Fisher Auto Top Co.

Norwalk, Ohio

Iroquois Roller Mills

Phone 456

Manufacturers of hard and soft wheat flour

Buck-wheat, Graham, Rye, and Pancake Flours

We Specialize in Poultry Feeds

WARNER HARDWARE

Electrical Supplies

STOVES — RADIOS

Phone 61

Father: "Young man, I demand an explanation. What was the idea of kissing my daughter in that dark hallway last night?"

Palmer: "Now that I've seen her by daylight, sir, I wonder myself."

Then there was Abie Cohen, who got so hoarse he couldn't raise his hands above a whisper.

EAT AT SIP & BITE
ACROSS FROM POST OFFICE
CONEY ISLANDS
Lunches — Good Coffee

State Bank of Rensselaer

Some are larger None is better Few as good

SAFETY FIRST IS OUR MOTTO

COLLEGE SWEETE SHOPPE

Watch the bulletin board for our big
NEW SPECIALS EVERY WEEK
Novelties! Take a chance draws!
C'M DOWN AN' SEE US!
Jim & Bill — Proprietors

DR. F. A. TURFLER

A Straight Backbone
Works Better Than a Crooked one
Murray Building
Phone 300
•

RENSSELAER X-RAY LABORATORY

X-RAY Photographs — X-RAY Treatment

I. M. Washburn, M. D.

C. E. Johnson, M. D.

Let Us Write Your
BONDS AND INSURANCE

C. J. Dean & Son
Odd Fellows Building
It's Right if We Write It

Raderstorf (after church on Sunday):
“Say, Dad, our lesson told us about the evil spirits entering the swine.”
Mr. Raderstorf: “Yes, my son, what do you wish to know?”
Raderstorf: “Was that the way they got the first deviled ham?”

COLLEGE SIDE LUNCHROOM

For Your
LUNCH AND REAL BEER

JAMES JONAS, Prop.

FORD'S BARBER SHOP

We
Appreciate Your Patronage
and
Hope To Please You Always

WARTENA & LOWMAN

Woodwork
General Blacksmithing
Plow Work — Horse Shoeing
Acetylene Welding
Rensselaer, Indiana

For real enjoyment smoke

Sir Walter Raleigh

"Sooner or later your favorite tobacco."

G. W. Scott, Representative

Logansport, Indiana

NUB'S BILLIARDS
and
LUNCHEONETTE
Good Lunch & Beer
Fish at All Times

A freshman failed in most of his subjects after his first semester at college. He wired his brother: "Flunked out. Prepare Papa."
The brother wired back: "Papa prepared. Prepare yourself."

Compliments
of

NEW FOWLER LAUNDRY

N. R. A. Member

We Do Our Part

Complete Dry Cleaning and Laundry Service

HATS

RUGS

DYING

THE COLLEGE SHOE SHOP

Expert Shoe Rebuilding

Between City Hall and Palace Theatre

H. G. ABBETT CO.

LARSH & HOPKINS

DRUG STORE

Complete Line of Drugs

South side Washington St.

Across from

Wright's Restaurant

SEE

BROTHER DAVID

BARBER SHOP

TOBACCONIST

HOTEL

HOOSIER INN

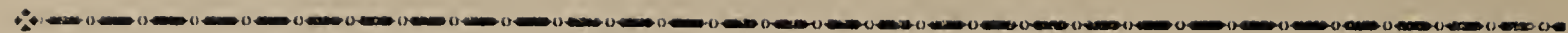
One day Ludas and some of his boy friends went to the country for a visit. After they had been walking around for some time, Ludas stumbled across a pile of empty condensed milk cans.

Ludas shouted: "Hey, fellows, come here. I've found a cow's nest!"

Compliments

of

THE ATHLETIC ASSOCIATION



Daily Exercise

STAR
BILLIARDS & BOWLING ALLEY

BEER for Refreshment

Al. H. Kanne, Prop.

When Rodman was in Military camp last summer, he was standing in the company street, outside his tent, shaving.

“Do you always shave outside?” asked the sergeant.

“Of course,” Rodman answered, “what d’ya think I am, fur-lined?”



GOOD THINGS

Fresh from the Oven

at

O’RILEY’S BAKERY

J. A. GRANT & SON

— Hauling —

Local and Long Distance

Rensselaer, Indiana



The

Columbian Literary Society

presents

“Set That To Music”

A COLLEGE COMEDY IN THREE ACTS

Thanksgiving Eve — November 28



Cooper Sandwich Shop

A Good Place to Eat

BAR-B-Q SANDWICHES

A Specialty

CHILI — GOOD COFFEE

Dr. E. F. Sutherland

DENTIST

Murray Building

| | |
|--------|------|
| OFFICE | HOME |
| 623A | 623D |



HOLDEN'S GREENHOUSE

Say it with flowers

Phone 426

Stohr: "Hey, waiter, there's no chicken
in this soup."

Mertes: "No, and there's no horse in
that horseradish either."

Buy your footwear at ...
MILLER-JONES
... and make it a habit

Rensselaer, Indiana
219 Washington St.

PATRONIZE
OUR
ADVERTISERS

